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# PILGRIM OF NINETY YEARS.

By DANIEL O. MORTON, A. M.,
OF BRISTOL, N. H. AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF REV. LEVI PARSONS, MISSIONARY TO JERUSALEM."

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# PREFACE.

More than a year ago, Rev. Kiah Bayley, of Hardwick, Vt., forwarded a letter, informing me of his affliction in consequence of the death of his aged and beloved companion. He said he had been examining and arranging her manuscripts; and desired to know whether I would take them, and prepare a memoir of her for publication. Feeling under obligation to Mr. and Mrs. B., for kindnesses long since received, I gave him an affirmative answer.

In examining the history of the pilgrim, the writer has been led to review his own. Left motherless in his youth, he was received with parental kindness into her family, and for months shared its hospitality. And now at this late period he is permitted to make some returns of gratitude to the surviving pilgrim. This is in brief the history of the preparation of the following Memoir. That it may be the means of advancing essentially the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom in the world; that the pilgrim may still live for the generations to come, in the hallowed influences of her piety, is the earnest desire and prayer of the writer. And now first of all, he commends this biography to God; and next, to that respectable and honored Society, under whose auspices it goes forth into the world.

DANIEL O. MORTON.

*Bristol, N. H., March* 28, 1849.

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# PILGRIM OF NINETY YEARS.

## CHAPTER I.

The Parentage and History of Miss Goodhue to the time of the death of her parents.

Our Saviour said to his disciples, "Ye are the light of the world; a city that is set on a hill cannot be hid." This is true of faithful Christians in every age. In the firmament of heaven some luminaries emit a feeble light; others shine with delightful brilliancy. The light of some Christians is very feeble; but if you look with carefulness you may see

it; others shine with cheering radiance, which all see, and in which many rejoice. As the sun, after he has descended below the horizon leaves a halo behind him, so the faithful Christian's light shines long after he has gone to his rest. In addition to devoted piety, great excellence of christian character, some employ the pen, and leave behind them delightful memorials of the goodness and loving-kindness of the Lord. Being dead they yet speak for the instruction and comfort of survivors, perhaps of succeeding generations. These remarks, it is thought, apply to the subject of this memoir.

Abigail Goodhue was the daughter of Mr. George, and Mrs. Elizabeth Goodhue of Newburyport, Mass. Mr. Goodhue was originally from Ipswich, was a useful mechanic and respectable citizen,

and one of the members that formed the Presbyterian church in Newburyport, and settled the first pastor, Rev. Jonathan Parsons.

Abigail was their fourth child and eldest daughter; and was baptized the third day after her birth, in the Presbyterian church, by Rev. Mr. Parsons, May 10th, 1756. As her parents had thus early and publicly dedicated her to God, they were careful to train her up for Him, and their labor was not in vain. The good seed sown in her tender mind was evidently made to take root and to grow by the gracious influences of the Holy Spirit; and springing up in due time brought forth fruit unto eternal life. The happy death of a sister at the age of four years, and of a pious uncle, made a deep impression upon her mind when she was quite young.

She was observant of things around her; and once when returning from a little excursion, she gave her father an account so orderly and correct, that he said pleasantly, "She has spoken of all things from the cedar in Lebanon, to the hyssop that groweth out of the wall." She was very diligent, attending faithfully to her book or her work; was a good scholar and much beloved by her teacher.

Her early religious impressions were evidently abiding; and she manifested a lovely spirit. Once in some childish sport, her brother struck her, and hurt her considerably; without complaining, she went as soon as she was able, and got a choice, beautiful apple, which she had laid by, and gave it to him; an apple for a blow. Would that such a temper of mind were universal. She

loved to attend the morning and evening sacrifice of the family, to say her prayers and her hymns; and pleaded with her mother to be permitted to sit up on those evenings when prayer meetings were attended at the house. So decided were the marks of seriousness, that her parents were satisfied that she was the subject of those convictions of sin, which are produced only by the Holy Spirit.

She early acquired the art of writing, and made extracts from the authors, which she read, all of them serious and deep divines; as Owen, Charnock, Cyprian, Shaw, Carrel. From these extracts, it was easy to ascertain the state of her mind. If young ladies would lay aside much of the light, ephemeral literature of the day, and read authors like these, or any healthful works, which breathe a truly Christian spirit; we should in-

dulge cheering anticipations of their future usefulness and happiness, and better hopes of the generations to come. One of the greatest evils of this age is a soulless literature, which is rapidly passing into oblivion; but which in its passage leaves in the moral atmosphere the taint of death.

Abigail's health was poor, and she frequently suffered by sickness; but nourished with parental care and kindness, and mercifully sustained by her heavenly Father, she grew up to womanhood. When she had just entered her nineteenth year, new scenes opened; great and overwhelming afflictions came suddenly upon her. Here it may be best that she should speak for herself. "In the month of August, 1774, my health being poor, and my spirits depressed, my parents grew anxious about me.

Mrs. Coombs, being much alone, as her husband was at sea, wished me to sleep with her; to which my parents consented. After taking tea with them on Saturday, my father suggested my going to my lodging early, to avoid the evening air. But to obey now seemed painful; I could not say why. I withdrew with lingering steps, and took up my lodging with Mrs. Coombs. Having one of my poor nights, I walked the room a part of the time; a dread had fallen on my spirits, as of some approaching, painful event. At length the morning light appeared, but not to cheer my sinking heart. I arose and left my chamber, as in haste to meet the painful scene awaiting me. Gaining the parental door, my poor distressed mother met me, and seizing my hand, her face all suffused in tears, cried, "O, my dear, your father is dying."

Overcome by this news, I hastened to my father's apartment, and found my mother's assertion confirmed. Then my heart received a wound time cannot cure. I gazed for a moment upon the countenance that had so often smiled my grief away. He attempted to speak, but his feelings overpowered him; his quivering lip and tender look conveyed to my aching heart all the affectionate feelings of a dying parent. I hastened to my chamber and poured out my soul in supplication. The sun arose as I entered my chamber; but his golden beams could not animate my sinking heart. Nothing but a beam from the Sun of righteousness could enter, and chase away its darkness. The distressing disorder, which prostrated my father, was cramp in the stomach. When I first saw him the paroxysm was off;

but soon returning, his groans announced to me his dying agony. Nothing could support me in that distressing season, but Almighty power. My suffering that day surpassed description. I could neither sit, nor lie down, but walked my chamber, supplicating mercy, that, if the decree had not gone forth, my father's life might be spared yet a little longer. Toward the close of the day, when his groans ceased, I thought I would take a last look of the dear object of my strongest affection. When I entered the room, he was speechless; life was gently ebbing away. I hastened back to my chamber, and being unable to walk the room, I sunk down on my pillow, and gave myself to reflection. From the moment that I caught my mother's agonized look in the morning, I doubted whether my father would live; yet I could not

but pray that he might. I soon began to feel that I had done wrong in wishing to have my own way; I felt that God had a right to do what he would with his own, and that it became me to be still. While thus reasoning, these words of the 145th Psalm,—"The Lord is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works,"—entered my heart with powerful influence, subduing every murmur, tranquilizing my spirits, and spreading a sweet calm through my mind. The idea that God was righteous in all his ways and holy in all his works brought indescribable peace and satisfaction to my heart: my anxiety gave way to a subdued spirit, and I felt that it became me to submit to the Sovereign will and pleasure of so good a being, all of whose ways are perfect. Peace entered my mind, anguish retired; I felt

happy. The storm subsided, a sweet calm ensued. The beauties of nature burst into view, the sun emitted a more brilliant ray, all nature smiled.

Death had done his work. Though my father was called for suddenly, I trust he was not unprepared. Care for eternity was with my dear parents, the first great object. My mother in health had prepared such articles as would be needed in death; so that the corpse was soon dressed for the grave, and committed to the care of watchers. The house was assuming its usual quietness, when I inquired for my mother, but no one could answer. Soon I found her struggling with a convulsion fit, and attended by the physician. In a little time I went from my mother's room, to my brother's chamber, and found him fallen on the floor. I hoped he had

only fainted, and so through Divine goodness it proved. I helped him to his bed, administered some cordial, remained a little while, then seeing that he was quiet, I left him to his repose. The house had been crowded all the day, the evening was now far spent; but neighbors and friends still lingered, as though unwilling to go and report that the master of the house was smitten. At length they retired, and I went into the garden, and with much delight viewed the starry heavens; and had it been prudent in my feeble, debilitated state, could long have enjoyed the delightful prospect. I can never give an adequate idea of what I underwent on the 28th of August, 1774. The storm burst suddenly upon me, and ere I was aware brought me prostrate, torn and broken, at the footstool of Jehovah in humble

submission. Then God comforted me, and brought me to see that, "he could support me though all earthly friends should fail, and though the pillars of the world should be removed out of their place."

Abigail at this time experienced a great and happy change in her mind; but whether it was regeneration, her first espousals to the Saviour, the first breathings of heavenly life, the Lord knoweth. Certainly she was a praying person before, and may have been such truly from early childhood. It is equally evident that an eminent Christian might for a time have been unsubmissive under such a dreadful visitation. It is sufficient that Jehovah knows his own work in the soul; and that the subject of this narrative had a spirit subdued to him. This cordial subjection of her spirit to

the Father of spirits, became an essential element of her character.

After the cares and sufferings of her father's funeral were over, she found that her mother was mentally dead, was a maniac! "O the agony of my heart when I first realized it! Young and inexperienced in the cares of life, and the deceitfulness of the world, what should I have done, had not the Helper of the helpless mercifully sustained me? For three months I did not leave my mother's room one night; but then by the entreaties of my friends and the advice of my pastor, I was prevailed upon to lodge in my chamber.

"The revolutionary war was advancing with awful aspect. Both my brothers were at sea, which occasioned me much anxiety. The dreary winter wore away; and the summer of 1775, brought

new and complicated scenes of sorrow upon me; but a gracious God mercifully supported me through the trying season. Hostilities had commenced between this and the parent country; and doleful tales of bloodshed and disorder were daily circulated; while alarms were continually agitating the minds of the inhabitants of the town with fear lest the place would be destroyed, and the people scattered."

In one of the panics, when it was reported that the enemy were coming into the river, and men, women and children were flying as for their lives, this feeble, delicate young woman, perhaps unconsciously to herself, displayed a heroism, which deserves to be recorded. Come what would, life, death or captivity, she resolved to stay with her poor, distracted mother, and abide the

event. She trusted in God and was preserved.

In reference to this state of things she says, "I had no human friend to relieve my cares. My father had lent money, and we had to receive it in paper, dollar for dollar, when so depreciated, that it was of very little value. By this circumstance I was often much straitened, sometimes in need of the necessaries of life. But He, who heareth the ravens when they cry, kept us from sinking, though not from suffering.

"Toward the autumn of 1775, I saw that the sufferings of my dear parent were drawing to a close. Her consumptive complaints, which had been a little checked by the dreadful shock occasioned by my father's death, now returned with greater violence than ever. As her strength failed, her mind became

more composed, and finally she appeared as one in a premature old age. She did not appear to have any distinct knowledge of me as her daughter: it was extremely trying to behold this beloved object, unconscious of any act of kindness, as coming from her once beloved child. Yet I loved her as my dear mother.—I was mercifully upheld under my trials, and have subsequently found that it has been good for me to bear the yoke in my youth. As my day was, and has since been, so was strength afforded; for ever blessed be a faithful God.—The last night of my mother's sufferings, as I sat by her dying pillow, I thought I could discover some traces of her mind looking through her delicate features. A feeling unknown before thrilled through my bosom, as I feared she was too far gone to speak any more.

I retired from her bed-side and sat by the fire. What was my surprise when her natural voice arrested my ear, long unaccustomed to so cheering a sound. I flew to her pillow—it was my *mother* that spoke. I knelt and received her death-cold embrace. The moment was tender and interesting beyond description. She looked at me, and all the feelings of the mother rushed into her countenance. At that moment her memory gained strength, and she whispered that she had greatly abused me. In the tenderest manner conceivable she asked my forgiveness. Her look and voice were in a good degree natural: I understood her perfectly. But no language can describe my feelings in that hour. No one was present to witness the scene. She languished a few hours, and died in the 59th year of her age. With her last

sigh, I trust, that her sorrows ceased, and the days of her mourning were ended."

We have here a beautiful example of filial affection. How faithful and tender she was, how wonderfully supported and rewarded! Is it strange, if such a daughter considered the marks on her neck and breast made by an insane mother, and which she carried to the grave, more honorable than the scars of the warrior?

Left an orphan in a time of great public calamity, she grave vent to her feelings in the following stanzas, on the death of her parents. Perhaps they will be quite welcome to the Christian reader.

Beneath the weeping willow's shade
My tender parents both are laid,
Sweetly at rest: nor do they know
What sorrows in my bosom flow.

How can I live without their aid?
A thousand snares are round me laid:
Distress on ev'ry side appears,
My mind is fill'd with cares and fears.

Where shall I fly to find relief?
To whom make known my inmost grief?
O for a friend to guide my way,
To check me kindly when I stray:

The Friend, who promis'd to be near,
When helpers fail, to soothe and cheer.
Thus feeble, griev'd, and left alone,
From day to day, I made my moan.

At length a sound more soft, more sweet
Than what is heard when angels meet,
Struck on my ear, and reach'd my heart,
And did blest peace and hope impart.

I listen'd; caught the joyful word,
It seem'd just spoken by the Lord.
"Think not your cries have miss'd my ear;
The fatherless I make my care.

"Come then to me with all your grief,
I have the power to grant relief:
I'll be your Parent, Guardian, Friend,
And all your future ways defend.

"It is enough, I come my Lord
And sweetly rest upon thy Word.
A joy divine springs in my breast,
And gently lulls my cares to rest."

## CHAPTER II.

She goes to reside with Mrs. Coombs. Mourns the death of her pastor. Teaches school. Is taken sick. Attends on the ministry of Rev. Samuel Hopkins. Unites with the church under the pastoral care of Rev. Samuel Spring. The Dark day.

After the decease of her mother, she lingered for a time under the paternal roof; but being obliged to leave it, poor and penniless, she was kindly received by her half sister, Mrs. Wiatt, with whom she resided about a year. The next year, 1777, she went by invitation to reside with her half-sister, Mrs. Coombs. With this worthy and pleasant family she had a home seven or eight years. About the time of this change of residence, she was called in the Providence of God to part

with her pastor. Thus she speaks of him: "I lost my spiritual guide, my worthy and beloved pastor, Rev. Jonathan Parsons. He was the esteemed minister and spiritual guide of my parents through this dreary wilderness. I hope ney are rejoicing together now in glory.—He was the person who initiated me into Christ's visible church; and from whose pious lips, I received public religious instruction, till I was twenty years of age. My dear almighty Friend, how does my heart swell with grateful emotions in reflecting upon thy fatherly care over me, during the first years of my pilgrimage, in giving me for a public instructor, a good man, a faithful minister, one who feared God, and eschewed evil. His death is a great loss to me at this time of life, under my peculiarly trying circumstances. But thy

grace, O God, is sufficient for me, therefore will I hope."

In the summer of 1779, Miss Goodhue engaged in teaching, and had in her room about thirty girls. The labor was too hard; and at the end of the quarter, she was taken sick with a fever, and was destitute of almost every comfort. But her mind was peaceful. She says, "In what language shall I record the merciful kindness of my heavenly Father? He has been kinder to me than the kindest of earthly parents. He has tranquilized my spirit, and given me such inward peace, that I found it sweet to be in his hands, and felt no disquietude from being alone. I had neither fire nor light to cheer the darksome hours. My fever was high; but my mind was unclouded. I have great reason for gratitude and praise.

"The doctor saw a young lady in the

street, and informed her of my situation. By noon I was supplied with an attentive nurse. My school bills were all paid; old friends, who had neglected me through the summer, now found their affections and sympathies awakened, and came with proffered attention. Mrs. Haskell and family were always near me to meet every want. Her husband, pious and kind as a father, prayed by my bed-side, and hinted many consoling ideas from the oracles of truth. Others, kind and good from my former meeting, came and sympathized and prayed with me. And Mr. E. Titcomb added good works to kind words, by slipping a twenty dollar bill into my hand, after praying earnestly for me. This was the more remarkable, as I had but little acquaintance with him. It was the Lord's doing, and marvelous in my eyes. I will praise Him

at the remembrance of his mercy, and leave it on record to the glory of his name."

Among others invited to supply the vacant desk was Rev. Samuel Hopkins, afterwards the distinguished Dr. H., of Newport, Rhode Island. The subject of this narrative had a mind to appreciate, and a heart to receive instructions like those communicated by Mr. Hopkins; clear, deep, comprehensive, and strongly doctrinal. She heard him with profound attention, and was greatly affected with his preaching. Though a stranger, he soon marked the interest with which she listened to the word of life; and concluded that she was either a young disciple, or a serious inquirer on the subject of religion. He sought an acquaintance with her.

The first interview is thus described.

"My mind was solemn, but not quite free from perturbation, which being noticed by Mr. Hopkins, he conversed for a few moments in a free and condescending manner, when my fears left me. He was now ready to introduce the subject he had so much at heart. He asked me how the truths, I had heard him deliver, affected my mind,—whether I had any hope that I had experienced a renovation of heart,—how long I had been serious,—whether I did not think it my duty to unite with some church. In person he was large, in mien dignified, and his open, manly countenance beamed sweet benignity and benevolence. I loved him as a father, and revered him as a messenger of God, sent to comfort my desponding heart. I wanted to conceal nothing of my spiritual trials; and he attended to all my

perplexities with paternal interest." This interview, and others, were remembered by her with gratitude, during life. Speaking of a pastoral visit, made by Mr. H. at the house of Mrs. Coombs, she says, "His conversation was condescending, and kind, and before he left us, he prayed in a feeling and solemn manner. Indeed he seemed to me more like his divine Master, than any one I had ever seen."

Mr. Hopkins soon left Newburyport, for Great Barrington, where he was afterwards settled. In the winter following his residence in N., he wrote to Abigail, inclosing in his letter one from his daughter. Of this I find the following notice.

"I was affected with this token of fatherly affection, and soon returned an answer. Is not this good man's finding a poor disconsolate orphan, as I was,

in a large assembly, and pouring cordials into my fainting heart, a token for good? Trust in God, O my soul, for I shall yet praise Him."

How long the correspondence by letter continued I do not know, but the christian friendship between this servant of Christ, and "a desolate orphan," continued so long as he lived, and doubtless, is since perpetuated in a better world. She confided in his friendship and judgment,—drank in his instructions and followed his counsels. And certainly they had a decided influence upon her future life.

In accordance with the advice of Mr. H. she attended meeting in the North Church, where Rev. Samuel Spring had been settled. This subjected her to new trials, and was indeed a cross. She says, "Early in the spring of 1780, Mr.

Spring called, and entered into conversation relative to my making a public profession of religion. He had repeatedly conversed with me respecting my religious views and exercises; wished to know my present feelings, and proposed propounding me the next Lord's day, for admission into the church. As my health was feeble, and my exercises strong and solemn, I was almost overcome. My friends were opposed to my leaving my old meeting, and I had few acquaintances in the North Society. I felt shut out of society, and shut up to Him who is the Helper of the helpless. O that a sense of his unbounded goodness and mercy to a worm so undeserving, may ever keep me humble. I borrowed Edwards' Qualifications for church fellowship; that, and my Bible, were my chief directories.

On the day of the preparatory lecture, I went to meeting, heard an excellent sermon from Romans, 7: 12. And then attended the meeting of the church. Two females were to be examined with me. This was the most trying scene of my life,—my sensibility was keen, my health poor, my friends alienated, my fears great, lest I should not be accepted; I lived at a distance from the meeting, and was a stranger to almost the whole society. Soon Mr. Spring began to question me respecting my views of the Scriptures, and my exercises of mind. After questioning me himself, he requested the church to be particular, as I was a stranger. When I retired, I thought it probable they would not think it best to receive me at present, as I was young, and they had but little knowledge of me. But,

it seemed to me of little importance what men might think of me. They might approve, when God would disapprove. In this train of thought, I was much comforted, when called to hear the result of the church. I was kindly received; but so strong were the exercises of my mind, that I was not able to walk home, and Deacon Thompson kindly took me in his chaise. It was April 16, 1780, when the solemn transaction of dedicating myself publicly to the Lord took place. This being done, my old friends gave over all thoughts of my returning to my former meeting, and generally treated me kindly. But, my frequent sickness kept me constantly in debt; nor could I by the most rigid economy, prevent it. Doctor's bills, together with other expenses, were heavy, and there was no parental roof, to

take shelter under. But God was faithful, and unexpected ways were frequently opened for my relief."

"May 19, 1780. Thursday was our preparatory lecture, and though feeble, I thought of attending. Immediately after breakfast, I went to my chamber, and feeling depressed, I cast myself on my pillow. The room was uncommonly dark; a solemn stillness reigned all around. After a little while the chamber appeared so dark, that I felt alarmed, rose and went down stairs. At the door I met Mrs. Coombs, who with anxious countenance, asked if I had noticed the strange appearance of the sky? At that moment she opened the door, and surprise fell upon us. The sky, toward which all eyes were turned, appeared of a yellowish hue,—no distinct cloud was visible, there was no motion of

the air, sufficient to move a leaf, and darkness overshadowed the earth. The ship-yard was before our door, but no sound of the workman was heard. The cattle which had been turned to pasture came along homeward, lowing as they slowly returned. The birds were fluttering on the trees and hiding among the leaves, as when a thunder-storm is coming on. The fowls hastened to their roosting places. All nature seemed hushed, as though Jehovah was about to make Himself known by some mighty act. Every eye was turned upward; every one inquiring, what is going to take place? Some asked, Is the judgment day approaching?

"The vessels at the wharves, with sails loosened and colors unfurled, appeared as in mourning, on some great occasion. Not a color waved at mast-

head, nor a sail showed the least appearance of any wind. The bells rung for meeting; the sailors poured into the house, and filled it. Mr. Spring, standing in his place, cried, 'O earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord!' In speaking, he excelled himself; the congregation was motionless, and heard with intense and solemn interest."

She took tea at Mr. Spring's, and attended an evening meeting. At the close of it, she left the house with others who had lanterns. These soon turning a corner, scattered, and she was left in the profoundest darkness. Alarmed, she attempted to regain the house she had just left: she stumbled, arose, and was bewildered. If she advanced forward, the long wharf and river were there; on her right hand were the shipyards, and saw-pits. She found herself

among the timbers; unable to stand, she sat down. She could hear the water beat against the wharf; she was afraid to call for aid. At length she thought she heard the footsteps of a man. She spake, and was kindly answered. The man, was a kind-hearted sailor, in the employment of her brother, Captain Coombs; who conducted her to his house. The relief of her mind was unspeakable. She says, "I felt distracted; but it was a moment for God to appear." Having found her home, she soon retired, and rested unusually well. Thus ended with her, the *memorable dark day.*

## CHAPTER III.

Severe sickness, and gradual recovery. She goes out of town, to a rural retreat, for the benefit of purer air, and for more retirement. Returns to town, and engages in teaching.

In the winter of 1783, Miss Goodhue submitted to a painful surgical operation, occasioned by a felon on one of her fingers. She had had severe paroxysms of distress, and no rest, day nor night, for six or eight days. The operation was successful, and the cure perfect; but the great sufferings of a week, and the pain, and excitement of the operation brought on fever and sickness, which continued about a year.

We omit many of the circumstances of this sickness, and contemplate simply

the crisis of it; as it developed a very solemn, and interesting state of mind. "Having," she says, "endured these extreme sufferings, about four months, at mid-winter, 1784, I was suddenly seized as with the grasp of death. All who came into my chamber thought I was dying. Then it was that I first realized that I was mortal. From my earliest days, I had thought, and said much about dying. But now I felt that I was going; and a new train of thought absorbed all the powers of my soul. In taking me from my bed to a chair by the door, for the benefit of air, the curtain was moved, a ray of the sun darted across the room, and seemed to bear up myriads of particles of dust: so little, thought I, does the world appear. With me, time was; eternity had commenced, the eternal

*Now* had begun. The antedeluvian age and the present, were blended. A thousand years, and a thousand days, were of like import. The morning of creation, and the evening of time, were reduced to a point. Six thousand years struck off from eternity, seemed no more than a drop of water taken from the ocean. Yet on this point of time, hung all the vast concerns of eternity. God, eternity, the soul, now swallowed up every thought.

Neighbors and acquaintances, physician, and minister, were assembled in my chamber. My minister inquired of the doctor how long I might live, as he was about to pray for me. She may live twenty minutes, said the doctor.—What? live twenty minutes, when I had been in full expectation for some time, that the next rising breath would

waft my immortal spirit into the immediate presence of my Judge! I hoped for acceptance in sovereign mercy, through the adorable Redeemer; but, admitting the possibility of failure where my all was at stake, brought into lively exercise some feelings I have no name for: some I can name,—importunity, hope, dread, desire, anguish for sin, gratitude, love, pity for poor sinners exposed to destruction, with astonishment that those around me did not appear to believe that they too were mortal. All these feelings with conceptions, and apprehensions, that I cannot describe, wrought so powerfully upon my mind, and that again upon my feeble frame, that I sank to human view, as one dead. Before my heaving was gone, I heard the well known voice of my beloved Mrs. Coombs, saying in a mourn-

ful tone, 'she is gone.' The little mole-hill, earth, then dropt; I can say no more, all was lost."

How long this dear disciple remained unconscious of the scenes around her, is not known; probably, but a very short time. God had yet a great work for her to do; and He mercifully brought her back to the living world. From this time, she gradually and slowly recovered.

"Passing," she says, "a very inclement winter, I met the approaching spring, with care and anxiety, I could but poorly sustain. I was so feeble I could not walk my chamber without assistance. I found it necessary to change my lodgings for the benefit of better air, and a more retired situation. When I named this to the family they

were much opposed; but my minister, and physician, approved of my plan. My Refuge was the living God; to him I cried, and he wonderfully sustained me. I consulted with my faithful friend, Miss M. J., (her guardian angel, she sometimes pleasantly called her;) and she succeeded in obtaining the place I desired. I waited patiently for the time of my removal. At length came the charming month of June, with fragrance on her wings. The singing of birds, was again heard, and the heart so long desolate, received joyous impressions; hope revived." At length by the assistance of the dear friend, Miss J. she left the chamber in which she had suffered so much and so long, and took a seat in the chaise. She said she "felt safe as though attended by a band of angels; and a pleasant ride of

three or four miles was very refreshing. "At length the humble mansion appeared; the aged patriarch was standing in the door; the matron appeared, and looked as lovely as Eve, before her expulsion from Eden; then came the daughter, who was to be my nurse, and kindly assisted me into the house. After a little rest, I found my spirits quite refreshed by the charming appearance of the river, and a large tree in front of the window in my room, whose wide-spreading branches seemed to invite the weary pilgrim to their friendly shade."

She remained in this quiet, pleasant retreat about four months, when she returned to town; and went to reside in the family of her brother, where she remained a year and a half.

"November 4th. My brother arrived

in harbor in good health. He appears very friendly; it is God who makes him so. As the cold weather advances, my strength increases. Through divine goodness, I begin to do without medicine. This gives me great pleasure, as my physician's bill has for a long time given me great anxiety, seeing no way to pay it. My sickness has been long, and very expensive. I have suffered much from perplexity, and doubt not that my health has returned the more slowly as my cares have been constant."

In the Spring of 1786, she went to reside with her sister, Mrs. Brett, at the North end of the town. Here she opened a school, and at length had as many scholars as she desired. "It was very soothing to my feelings," she observes, "to think that I should more

than pay for my board, and be able to cancel some of my debts. Man appoints, but God has a perfect right to disappoint. How vain to think of finding rest in this restless world! But ere long, I trust, I shall be called to solace my soul in the paradise above. Yet why do I hope? Certainly, not because there is any thing in me, or that I ever have done, or can do, to merit divine favors. It is because in Christ, the Son of the living God, there is merit enough to satisfy divine justice, in regard to the greatest sinner, who truly turns to God. As I hope I have, through sovereign grace alone, been brought to abhor my sinful nature, and my many actual transgressions, I have at times great peace in believing that I shall one day be delivered from every thing offensive to my adorable

Saviour. O cheering thought! O God, enable me to bear up yet a little longer under the pressure of many trials, which may still abide me, hoping that when a few more wearisome days and nights are passed, I shall be released from all my sufferings, and received into the immediate presence of the blessed God, where are pleasures for evermore."

A few extracts from her diary, penned during the period embraced in this chapter, may be inserted here.

"All the solid comfort I find is what I get from meditation on the character of the dear Redeemer; whose glory fills my soul with love and delight, whenever I get a glimpse of it. Oh, to be free from this body of sin and death, that I may be ever with the Lord. Welcome trials that keep me

humble; that keep the adversary from taking an advantage of me! O my God, give me strength to overcome the foes within. In the end may I come off victorious, being enabled to cry, 'O death, where is thy sting; O grave, where is thy victory!'"

"August 31st. This day, seven years ago, followed my dear father to the grave. Great has been the goodness of Jehovah, in supporting me under this great trial. Surely, O Lord, thou art a God of faithfulness and truth. Thou hast kindly upheld me in my sorrowful hours, and raised up friends for my aid. In sickness, thou hast been my Protector, Guardian, and Friend. Such kindness deserves my warmest gratitude, my heart, my life, my all."

"April 7th. Soon after I awoke, found my heart going out in strong desires

for the prosperity of Zion; felt an unusual love towards my christian friends, and for an hour or two, had a great sense of divine things, and saw in a faint measure the beauties of holiness. But, alas! my sins caused a thick cloud to darken the glorious sight.—O most merciful God, is it presumptuous in me to hope for mercy, since thy dear Son has died for the chief of sinners? Look then, upon thine anointed, and through Him, dart one ray of comfort into my languishing soul."

"November 14th. This morning my circumstances seemed to resemble those of the Syro-Phœnician woman. To God I cried for hours for relief. But on account of misimprovement of past favors I was afraid my prayer would be disregarded; still from the consideration, that God was willing to forgive

the penitent, I took courage to persevere in calling upon Him.—'He hath given meat to them that fear him; He will ever be mindful of his covenant.' The faithfulness of God, was a strong argument for me to plead with him. Although conscious that I had broken covenant; yet, as it was my sincere desire to renew covenant with him, I trusted that he would accept my prayer, and give me a token that he was reconciled. And, O, astonishing condescension! infinite mercy! Before ten o'clock, the token was given. The very want which was so pressing, was supplied. Is it possible! I exclaimed; do I deceive myself? No; He has shown me mercy; He has heard my cry. 'I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me: thou art my Help, and my Deliverer, O my God!' O ye bright ser-

aphs, that encircle His throne, and chant forth glad anthems of praise, unite with a poor mortal in singing praises to unbounded love."

## CHAPTER IV.

Severe affliction occasioned by the death of her brother's wife. Takes the charge of his family. Remains in it for some years; then goes to Franklin.

The last chapter left the subject of this memoir fully employed, engaged in teaching about thirty girls. It was a delightful charge; the labor and care of which was, perhaps, too much for her physical strength; but she attended on it with pleasure. In addition to higher motives,—the consciousness of doing good, and guiding so many immortal minds, she was cheered with the thought of supporting herself, and being relieved from that state of dependence in which, by reason of feeble health and sickness, she had so long

been kept. But how little do we know of the future? Her condition and circumstances were suddenly changed.

In a letter to a friend, dated August 31, 1787, she says, "When I dismissed my little school, on the 27th, I little thought that I should never see them again clustering around me for instruction. I was indeed, hardly able to sit with them that afternoon, but had no idea but the next morning would bring them in again.

"The morning came, I was called to go out in the rain:—I stepped into the carriage, and went to the mournful scene: but I can give you no idea of my feelings upon entering the dwelling. The poor little children in their night-clothes, sat together in a group weeping, and for a short time, did not observe me. They felt alone, and were

mourning with uncontrolled grief. The poor little creatures, had come from their chamber to be dressed, and were informed by the maid, that their mother was dead. Even the youngest, not two years old, was weeping bitterly. When I went to them they clung around me, and sobbing, cried *Ma is dead.* My poor sister lay before me prostrate in death. She was suddenly called for. My brother, alas! if living, on the bosom of the great deep. And this day being the anniversary of my father's death, brought that scene up before me. All in the house were strangers to me. The maid and the nurse were running from room to room. Soon I got the children dressed, and soothing their little troubled hearts with tender affection, they became composed; and the little one, clinging to my

bosom, soon lost all her sorrows. The first forty-eight hours, I got no sleep. The house was in great confusion: now a melancholy stillness pervades it. The morning of the second day, when those who had watched with the corpse went out, I came down stairs, and entered the parlor, where silently lay its late mistress. The babe lay in a drawer; I took it, and laid it beside its unconscious mother. I stood by the corpse; but what were my reflections! Where now, is the immortal spirit, late a resident here? What were your feelings when the women around you said, *Fear not, for you have borne another son;* and your reply was cut short by death? As the voice of rejoicing died on your ear, and the light withdrew from your eye, ere you beheld your beautiful babe, what were the first ob-

jects of the eternal world, presented to your view? Did you behold the King of glory, the crucified Saviour, smiling benignantly upon you, and hear harmonious sounds from harps of angels, responding to the songs of the redeemed? But I must change my reflections. How altered, this stately frame, this late ruddy countenance! No words go from those lips to children, or to domestics; all is silent. Thy voice died with an unfinished sentence on thy lips, thine eyes are closed. How composed this countenance, which was often disturbed with domestic cares! The babe sleeps with the parent. They will wake no more till the resurrection morning, when the trumpet of God shall call both small and great to judgment. Sleep on—I turn to the cares of the family. May I be found at duty's post, though

all my plans be not executed. Since death tarries not for mortals, be it my care to be ready. Be my heart sanctified by divine grace, and it matters little when, or in what shape, he comes. Satisfied with life, I would at my Father's call, stretch my glad wings, and leave the world and all its joys, to those who prize them."

In her Journal she says, "My new situation so unexpectedly, and suddenly opened upon me, brings cares, and company, I have little relish for. However, God is wonderfully supporting me, and my health is improved. My trials have so affected my spirits, I cannot look to the world for solace. I must have comfort in God, or go disconsolate to the grave. My brother has arrived, sick, apparently dangerous. Upon being brought to the door in a car-

riage, I went to receive him: but what were my feelings when I saw him pale and emaciated, and discovered that his mind was wandering! I carefully avoided saying any thing that would lead to mournful reflections, got him to his chamber, kept company from him, and called in two eminent physicians."

Captain Goodhue soon began to amend, and after a few weeks, by the advice of his physician, again took the command of his vessel, and went to sea for the winter. This fixed his sister in his family, and devolved upon her much labor and care. Duty called, and she cheerfully devoted herself to the service. In this situation, she continued more than six years. She was mother to the motherless children. Her tender care and kindness were duly appreciated. She says, "My brother

has endeared himself to me by his thousand kindnesses; and the children seem as if they were my own."

We find little from her pen, during this period. The following letter, forwarded to her brother, after he had left his house, and before he sailed on one of his voyages, is worthy of preservation.

*Newburyport, February* 22, 1788.

My Dear Brother:

The repeated instances of your kindness, deeply affect my heart, and excite the warmest desires that you may meet with a divine reward. Once more the voice of Providence calls you from me.—I feel the trial. A short separation is painful, and gives many uncomfortable reflections. But what do I endure, when the thought forces itself

upon me, that we may meet no more. Life is short and uncertain, and yet in it, we have every thing to do for eternity. How important, that we seek first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness? Having the friendship of God, we are safe; without it we cannot be secure in any situation. O my brother, do not let the hurry of business so engross your attention, as to make you forgetful of the hour when your disembodied spirit, and a holy God, must meet. Live so, that through the merits of the blessed Jesus, you may give up your account with joy. I expect to see you no more before you sail. My heart goes with you. May you be the care of a kind and watchful Providence. May favoring winds waft you to your intended port. May a consciousness that the eye of the

Almighty is continually upon you, keep you from sin. When trafficking with strangers, remember the golden rule, and do to others, as you would have others do to you. The children are all well. I can only add, that all your concerns, with the dear objects of paternal love, deeply interest the feelings of your ever affectionate sister.

ABBY GOODHUE.

The mutual love and confidence which reigned in this family, during the six years and more, that Miss Goodhue resided in it, must have made it a sunny period in her history. But those pleasant years soon passed away.

She became convinced that a change in her circumstances was desirable, and important. She needed rest from labor, and relief from care. She says in ref-

erence to this, "My minister, and the church of my early connection, with a large circle of beloved acquaintance, all put in their claims for me to remain in town. But looking a little beyond the tender excitement the change would produce, I became fixed in my mind, that it would be best for me to leave town, and go some way into the country to board." Accordingly, she made her arrangements, and went to spend the winter of 1793, in the family of the late Dr. Emmons.

## CHAPTER V.

Miss Goodhue's marriage. Removal to Newcastle. Organization of the church. Birth and death of her twin children.

We come now, to the marriage of Miss Goodhue. Rev. Kiah Bayley had commenced his studies with Mr. Emmons, about two months before Miss Goodhue came into the family; they were strangers, thrown together by the Providence of God. It required no great skill to discern that in her feeble form was hid a diamond worth possessing. Her heart was alive to kind attentions. Soon, a mutual affection sprung up between them. In the spring, finding that her funds were low, Mr. Bayley took her to Harvard, to spend the summer in her

uncle's family. In the Autumn of 1794, they were married at Harvard, by Rev. William Emerson, minister of the place. The winter after, she spent at his father's, in Newbury, in Vermont.

Mr. Bayley was now a licensed preacher of the gospel, and for more than two years Mr. and Mrs. B. lived in different places, where the Providence of God seemed to lead them. In this time, they journeyed considerably, and enlarged the circle of their acquaintance. Mr. Bayley went to Newcastle in Maine, in the spring of 1797, where, after preaching about six months, he was settled as pastor. Mrs. B. spent the summer chiefly in Franklin and Newburyport. In the autumn, when just recovering from a fever, she embarked in a small coaster, for Newcastle, where she arrived, on the 4th of November.

"Here," as she remarks, in her journal, "in the vale of obscurity, I had opportunity, amidst many cares and interruptions, to reflect on the way, a wise and holy God has led me, in this wilderness, for these many years, to try and to prove me; and I see much reason for humiliation, and self-abasement."

As Mr. and Mrs. Bayley were now quietly settled in their new home, which promised to be permanent, it may be proper to say a word respecting their location.

Newcastle is pleasantly situated, between two rivers; having the Sheepscott on the west, and the Damariscotta on the east. It was settled about as early as Boston. The inhabitants were dreadfully annoyed by the Indians: twice, they were driven off; and they

were often harassed, until the capture of Quebec, by Gen. Wolfe. There had been a church, and one or two ministers settled there, but now, moral desolation reigned. The church was extinct; and for ten or twelve years, there had been no stated preaching. There were respectable families; the people were enterprising, good intellectual and moral materials to be improved. They wished to have a minister, rightly judging that the stated ministrations of the gospel would promote their secular prosperity, and their respectability. Over this people, Mr. Bayley was ordained, in October, 1797. A church of three male members had been previously organized. There were no females in it, until the next year, when the pastor's wife and two other women were received. Such was the

field of labor, into which the subject of this narrative was introduced.

On the sixth of March, 1798, she became the mother of two sons; but they were not permitted to remain; one lived fourteen, the other, twenty-one days.

Among her papers, is the following notice. "Twin sons born — soon recalled by their rightful Owner." As the fond mother gazed with joy on the little objects of her love, she began her grateful song.

Softly; welcome little strangers,
Welcome to your mother's breast:
Grateful, from your Maker's hand,
I receive you, little guests.

Thus the tender mother sung,
Fondly call'd the babes her own,
As around her heart they clung,
Planting sorrows there unknown.

But sweet babes you are not blam'd,
Knowing not your mother's love;
Errand done; you took your flight,
Stretch'd your wings for worlds above.

Yet again she hopes to see you,
Not as here with weeping eyes;
Resting in your Saviour's arms,
On His throne above the skies.

Journal. "O my God how long ere it will please thee to grant my desire; to give me an opportunity to praise thy name in the sanctuary with those who delight in thy worship? I long for a seat in thy house; for the society of thy friends. Have pity upon me, O my God, and support me under this heavy trial, soften my heart and prepare me for usefulness. I want to be doing something for thee. Give me opportunity, and my tongue shall praise thee, and my pen shall record thy faithfulness.—

My life has been a continued series of trials: but through every period mercy has been conspicuous; and thy power many times has been displayed to the admiration of friends, and to the wonder of my own mind. Oft from the depths of grief have I turned my streaming eyes, toward thy holy habitation; then did heavenly consolations solace my heart, and keep me from sinking. On the bed of sickness, racked with pain, when all around were strangers, I found comfort. I could tell my God all my cares, and in his faithfulness and love find peace in believing. I was enabled to hope in his mercy. O that I could now live wholly to his glory! Songs of deliverance and of mercy are put into my mouth. May my heart be attuned to praise. Instead of being shut up in the chamber of sickness, as many times

I have been, far from any sympathizing heart, I am now enjoying a home with my beloved companion, from whose friendship and care I derive many blessings. How good is God! I must record his goodness and remember his faithfulness. When homeless I asked of my heavenly Father some little spot, I could call my own. I hoped in his power and mercy; and now I enjoy the favor.—I mourned when separated from my brother's children whom I tenderly loved; I told the Lord my sorrows, and he comforted me by giving me two lovely babes at a birth. The gift was precious, though it was soon taken away. A few days the little strangers soothed my sorrow, and then returned to him who lent them."

In the summer of 1798, Mr. Bayley

was engaged in building a house, and on the first of November moved into it.

Journal. "November 4th, 1798. Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name. I am now, through the good hand of a faithful God, brought to a habitation I am allowed to call my own. For this favor I have for many years been pleading with him who setteth the solitary in families, and my petitions which I have often presented with sighs and tears are this day granted. With holy gratitude, O thou giver of all I possess, I would receive the favor, and as humbly devote it to thy service. O come now and fill this house with thy presence. We dedicate it to Thee. Make it a house of prayer and praise. May the poor and solitary ever receive due attention within these walls. May

the sorrowing orphan never go from these doors disheartened. Against the weary traveler may they never be closed. And, O, may the soul that would resort here for instruction find the most encouraging attention. May the embassadors of Jesus here be kindly received, and entertained as their circumstances require. For thy sake, O God, in whose name they go forth to teach and to preach the Gospel, may we ever be disposed to honor and respect them. We are stewards put here to occupy for their Master. O make us faithful."

"December. Having experienced the tender mercies of my heavenly Father, far beyond what I have many years dared to hope, I would gratefully acknowledge the same, and in all the sincerity of heart-felt gratitude leave my testimony that God is faithful, and

abundant in mercy. My blessed Saviour, through whose merits I have a dwelling-place lent me in the wilderness, had not where to lay his head, when he sojourned in this world. May this thought so often and powerfully strike my mind, as to prevent me from feeling as though the habitation were my own. May I be disposed to treat all who enter the door, with propriety. The friends of God have claims upon me, for the kindest attention; and I would, for their dear Master's sake, respect and serve them to the extent of my ability. To the aged, of my husband's flock, I would ever be particularly attentive. I pray that I may have benevolence, wisdom and strength to wait on the middle-aged, youth and children, as God shall give opportunity. While it shall please my heavenly

Father to continue me in this comfortable habitation, I pray for grace to conduct wisely and kindly in it, and when I am removed, may I find a place of refuge. Blessed be God! I cried unto Him in my distress, and he heard me. Now, will I praise his name, and leave my testimony, that he is ever mindful of his covenant. He has had compassion on my sufferings, given me a comfortable home, caused me to keep house, and made me the joyful mother of children. Surely, the promises which he enabled me to rest upon, he has fulfilled. Blessed be his holy name."

Such were the feelings with which this worthy woman consecrated her house to the Lord; and many were the witnesses, that with fidelity, she carried out these purposes and aspirations in her future conduct.

## CHAPTER VI.

Notices of Mrs. Bayley's labors and devotional exercises in Newcastle, during the period of four years.

A BISHOP or pastor must be given to hospitality; and it is essential that his wife be like-minded. We left the subject of this narrative in a new house, thankful to God that she might call it her own. Her gratitude was not in view of personal possession merely, or of comfort, present and prospective: but she was thankful that, together with a pleasant resting-place for herself and family, she could furnish a temporary one to the servants of the Lord, and could kindly receive all who called. Like the pious Shunamite of old, she also prepared a chamber for the man of

God; and when he came, if she had no female assistant, she cheerfully waited on him herself. How well she succeeded those can say, who had the pleasure of sharing her hospitality. It is believed that none called who did not desire to call again.

Her love of the Sabbath and of the house of God was strong and permanent. The Sabbath was her delight, the holy of the Lord and honorable.

Journal. "April, 1799. Yesterday I had ardent desires to attend public worship: but the weather was too inclement for my feeble state of health; and I trust I was resigned to the Divine will. My mind was sweetly composed. I thought of the happy employment of heaven, and longed for preparation to join the holy society whose dispositions all are love. I thought much of dear

friends scattered abroad in different places; and I felt a spirit of prayer. As I mused the fire burned, and I had fervent desires that all I loved might be beloved of God. I thought of my dear husband in the sanctuary, and prayed that his labors might be blessed for the good of his people. It was delightful to be alone, and I had a prevailing belief that God would in due time, grant the desires of my soul. Thus in blessing God with a thankful heart, the happy hours rolled away. I desired that all around me would join with me in loving and praising a holy God."

"January 1, 1801. A new year is dawning upon me. O, that I may be disposed to dedicate myself, my all, to the service of my God. Heavenly Father, accept my desire to live for thee; communicate of thy love to my soul, and

make me joyful in thy salvation. Make me willing to bear all my sufferings, for I know that I am chastened less than my sins deserve. Give me all that fortitude and patience which I need in this day of sorrow, that wisdom and prudence which are necessary to keep me from dishonoring thee. Suffer me not to languish for those enjoyments, which thy Providence calls me to relinquish. Had I all that this world can afford, it could not make me happy without thyself. O my Father, give me what I most desire, an heart expanded to receive thy love."

"January 10th. I had the privilege this forenoon of being alone. One moment spent in near access to the mercy-seat, through the glorious Mediator, is preferable to ten thousand spent in wordly enjoyments. How delightful to

be able to cry aloud to God without restraint, to weep and sigh at his feet, unseen, unheard by mortals. Here I find solace for a wounded heart. Jesus knows my maladies, and when I can but touch the hem of His garment, I am made whole. O let me enter those sacred seats above, and after all the toils of life begin an everlasting Sabbath."

"March —— My brother's losses at sea seriously affect me. I have a selfish, proud heart that needs to be humbled. Lord, mould it into thy likeness; and to this end sanctify all the dealings of Providence."

"July 7th. Through abundant mercy I have been supported. As I am feeble and without company, I felt dispirited in view of my husband's journey; and my spirits were oppressed with gloom. But I am now free from that indescribable

distress, and contented without him, without my children, and in my present solitary state. It would be pleasant to pass the day in reading and meditation, but duty calls me to another employment, and I go about my work with a willing mind.

"July 10th. The week thus far has been more comfortable than usual; I have been but little burdened with worldly cares or labor, and had but little interruption in my retirement. O that this refreshment may prepare me for what new scenes await me! Blessed be God for making my retirement so pleasant; for the delight I have had in reading his holy Word; and for the contentment I feel, separated from relatives and friends. I complain of nothing, but want of disposition to love and serve my God.

"July 15. Now I go to my domestic labors, pleading that I may be kept by Almighty power, through the remaining hours of the day, from all iniquity. If alone, may my heart be engaged in examination of its feelings, exercises and motives, joined with sincere and fervent ejaculations, that I may aim at the divine glory in all I do. If in company, may my conduct be becoming one professing godliness, my words few and dictated by right feelings. Now, Lord, enable me to watch as well as pray, and lead me not into temptation.

"August 19. This morning a number of poor Indians came within my doors, in tattered garments, and in very pitiable circumstances. Yet when I asked them if they did not suffer, they said, No. I asked them, if they had a house like mine whether they would be willing to

live as the English do? They said, No; they had rather live and walk as Indians do. I asked them if they did not know it was wrong to go about on the Sabbath? Yes, was the reply; but with so little feeling as made it evident, they had no conscience about it. Why am I made to differ in circumstances and feelings from them, when by nature I am no better? Lord make me thankful and prayerful. As thou art disposing me to impart to them a portion of food, do Thou of thy rich mercy impart to them of the bread of life. I can do something for their bodies; but little for their souls. I commend them to thy mercy, praying for a heart to praise and extol Thee for distinguishing goodness.

"August 27. Yesterday I had some refreshing moments in the house of God, while the nature of true holiness was

clearly exhibited. It was sweet to my heart and what I longed to be made perfect in. Blessed be God for giving me relish for moral excellence.

"I hope God is about showing mercy to his people by pouring down upon them his Holy Spirit. Display, O God, thy sovereign grace among them, own the labors of thy servant, and make him abundantly successful in winning his flock to the Redeemer. —— Last evening and this morning I was happy in waiting on company, who were all ministers of the Gospel. Blessed be God for honoring me sometimes, with this service.

"January 1, 1802. In the commencement of this new year I have many things to ask for at the throne of grace: but one thing is needful; a sanctified, holy heart. Bestow this gift, O God of mercy; — deny whatever thou wilt. I

am filled with shame under a sense of barrenness, unfruitfulness, and want of zeal in thy service. My last year has carried a poor report to heaven. Lord forgive my unnumbered trangressions, and give me grace to live for the future more to thy glory than I have ever done.

"February 1. To-day I can express the sentiments of my heart in the language of Newton:

'I asked the Lord that I might grow,' &c.

"I am filled with loathing and self-abhorrence on account of the vileness of my nature, and am ashamed to look again to God for pardoning mercy. Yet I must obtain mercy or be miserable.

"February 14, Sabbath. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not his faithfulness, his power, his compassion. I cried unto Him in my distress, and he has

heard me. Yea, He will ever be mindful of those who call upon him in trouble.

"February 15. Grant, O God, that I may meet Thee in all the events of this week with right feelings. In my solitary moments be Thou the solace of my heart: in company be my keeper and director, supporter and preserver from all sin. O keep me from dishonoring thy name. All my dependence is in Thee!

"February 25. A solemn season this forenoon in the house of God. I went out in sorrow on account of the sinfulness of my heart, and while these precious words were spoken from, "Compel them to come in," my mind was filled with mingled sensations of grief and pleasure. O thou adorable Son of God, who hast prepared a feast of the richest dainties, that starving, perishing souls may eat

and live, prepare my heart to accept what thy mercy offers.

"In one of my sorrowful hours the past week, when I retired to my chamber to weep in secret, I took up Rippon's Selection of Hymns; when on the first page I cast my eye, I found my own feelings thus beautifully expressed:

'Jesus, lover of my soul,' &c.

"After this, for a short time, my spirits were sweetly quieted.

"June 6. While I am denied the privilege of attending public worship, Lord, give me true submission to thy will. O, my compassionate Redeemer, pity and support and bring me safely through my tiresome pilgrimage to the rest which remaineth for thy ransomed ones!

"Blessed be God for all the way he has led me in this wilderness. My journey has been for the most part weari-

some; tempestuous winds have beat upon me, and many dark nights of sorrow have passed over me. I have traveled many thorny paths with a burdened heart, feeble frame and sinking spirits, and oft times I have been ready to cry out in anguish in view of the next painful step. Repeated and long sickness has wasted my strength, complicated sorrows have drunk up my spirits, so that often I have been without consolation. So stupid and inattentive to duty have I been that there was need of stripe upon stripe and wound upon wound, to show me the folly of my ways, and the evil of my heart. O the goodness of God! How it shines in all the methods he has taken to bring me acquainted with his true character. Adored be his wisdom and mercy, — glory be given to his holy name! The day before Luther died, he

rejoiced in expectation of knowing all the saints in heaven whom he had known on earth. I hope one day, that I shall know that good man in glory.

"September 14. Though I find but few resting days, and many sorrowful ones, I would ever be found submissive, patient, grateful.

"December. After passing a quiet day, God is giving me pleasant, instructive company this evening; Rutherford's Letters to Christian Friends, while he was in prison. The spirit he manifests is most excellent; worth going to prison, or to the furnace to obtain. Lord grant that my trials may bring me to experience something of his heavenly temper.

"While my husband is gone to his lecture, help me to plead for a blessing to accompany his labors. May my heart be enlarged in praying with him for the

prosperity of Zion. Visit me in my retirement with thy love — make my chamber a Bethel — my heart a temple for thy residence. Grant that I may hold communion with Thee, through the Son of thy love, and be prepared by communications of divine love to run with patience the race that is set before me!"

## CHAPTER VII.

Devotional exercises. Formation of a female cent Society. Commencement of a monthly female prayer meeting. Reception of an unprotected young woman into the family. Devotional exercises.

"My kingdom is not of this world," said the blessed Saviour. This is clearly and strikingly evident in the religious experience of the true believer. The kingdom of Christ within him is spiritual and invisible. It is not meat and drink, pompous show and external service; but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. His thoughts and affections are on things above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God; his hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, purposes and motives, respect principally the future and

eternal state. The man of the world, rich or learned, pleasure-loving or ambitious, may turn away in disgust from narratives of the experience of the humble christian; yet it is none the less important.

It is then with pleasure that we resume our narrative, and record some of the reflections and devotional exercises of an eminent disciple.

"January 1, 1803. May my first quiet moments be devoted to praise. O how good has God been — how wonderful in kindness! Lord, imprint the consciousness of it in characters indelible on my heart.

"February 5, Sabbath. I have been able to read most of this blessed day. My long confinement from the house of God is a trial which bears heavily on my spirits; and my many infirmities keep me in a con-

stant state of suffering. I pray that these afflictions may serve to purify my heart from sin, and prepare me for the rest which remaineth for the people of God.

"March 13, Sabbath. Awoke early, with the consciousness that I could do nothing without assistance from above. I felt great desire for the salvation of souls, and prayed that my husband might experience divine assistance in the duties of the sanctuary. As soon as he went to meeting, I resumed my sweet employment, pleading that God would pour out his Spirit, engage us in his service, and glorify his name in us and by us.

"May 17. My beloved husband set out for Boston. My heart followed him with earnest desires that his journey might be made prosperous. My closet is sweet to me this morning. I turn from my family cares with pleasure to com-

mune in secret with my God. Here I find a cordial for my languishing soul; some foretaste of heaven.

"June 12. Lord give me patience and submission, all needed prudence, wisdom and kindness, that I may know how to conduct toward the great variety of characters who visit my family. While attending to the people of my husband's charge, with others who come under my roof, may my aim in entertaining them be Thy glory and their best good. And like my divine Master may I find it more blessed to give than to receive.

"June 15. As the next Sabbath is our season of communion, I feel desirous to keep myself as much abstracted from worldly cares and preplexities as possible, in order to indulge reflections suited to the occasion. May it please God to assist me and our pastor in every duty."

It was Mrs. Bayley's practice, in the absence of her husband, to pray with her family. Speaking of one of these seasons, she says, "Before I retired to my chamber, when attempting to worship God with the children, I found it difficult to adapt my expressions to their conceptions, and yet preserve a suitable reverence toward the majesty of heaven."

A quarterly concert of prayer for the revival of religion and the conversion of the world, was observed by churches in Scotland more than a century ago; and was recommended to the churches in this country by President Edwards. Some churches adopted the practice; among others, the church in Newcastle was one. I find the following notice of one of these seasons.

"October 5. Yesterday attended the quarterly concert with my husband. The

church met several hours previously, and were favored with a solemn, and instructive season. My heart felt tenderly united to each member of the church. Lord, grant that I may sit down with them in thy kingdom!

"Oct. 19. Again songs of praise are put into my mouth. O for a humble, grateful heart! Yesterday a considerable number of females met at my house for the benevolent purpose of assisting the Lincoln and Kennebec Tract Society. They all appeared friendly, and their free-will offering exceeded in amount my expectation. The Lord accept and bless what was given to the glory of his great name. Thus commenced a female Cent Society. Sometimes the young females had no money; but they could give a pound of butter, a dozen of eggs, or a basket of raspberries. These were all accepted and

the money given them that they might deposit it."

The Lord blesses the humble offerings of the poor, they are graciously regarded in heaven. Thus we see how Mrs. Bayley encouraged the poor of the flock, and led them in the way they should go. When the records of eternity shall be made known, who can tell but it may appear that such efforts as these, have been the means of saving many souls for whom Christ died, who shall shine as suns and stars in his kingdom forever.

"November 13. The Sabbath was a day of rest and sweet delight to my soul. I could say with my favorite Poet:

> 'My willing soul would stay,
> In such a frame as this,
> And sit and sing herself away
> To everlasting bliss.'

"January, 1804, Sabbath evening. Un-

der a deep sense of my unworthiness, I cry for mercy, disclaiming every idea that I ever have done, or possibly can do, any thing to recommend me to the divine favor. My heart is too deeply polluted with sin for me to cleanse it. Lord purify it, and unite it to thyself.

"March 4. When I reflect on the goodness of God towards me manifested in all the way I am called to travel, I see enough to humble me and make me thankful at all times.

"April 8, Sabbath. Blessed be God for giving me delight and enlargedness of heart this morning in prayer, to desire his presence, that my habitation may be a Bethel, my heart his temple, that the Spirit of God may be poured out upon this people; that the church may arise and shake herself from the dust of this world, and be engaged in the cause of

Christ, and that the missionaries who have gone to the heathen may enjoy the Divine assistance. Blessed be God for giving me an opportunity to communicate to the sisters of the church a desire I have long indulged, that we might meet once a month at my room for devotional exercises, reading the Scriptures, singing and prayer. We have agreed to meet the first Tuesday in each month. O may we be prepared, by divine grace, to meet with proper views and exercises, that we may glorify God our Redeemer, and promote each other's growth in holiness!"

Mrs. Bayley had now gained an object dear to her heart; and by her wise and prudent direction of these meetings they were evidently blessed to the spiritual improvement of the sisters. In these meetings she was at home; if she retired

from one exhausted, she met the next with delight. How much good this monthly meeting of the sisters accomplished; how many blessings in answer to their prayers descended upon the pastor, the church and people of Newcastle; and how many petitions for the enlargement of the Redeemer's kingdom, for the salvation of precious souls, are yet to be answered, God knoweth. It is by silent, peaceful influences such as these that God moves the moral world; while the earthquake of physical revolutions among the nations soon subsides, or its effects are mercifully counteracted.

"April 22, Sabbath. The dark side of the cloud is often towards me; but blessed be God, I am more taken up with the contemplation of the perfections of his character than of my own deformities. I can never find satisfaction in myself; but

in God is all I want. O to be like Him, that I might love and serve him as the rapt seraph that adores and burns!

"April 29, Sabbath. O God of mercy, may our little society, formed for religious exercises, be ever under thy special care and direction! Deign to meet with us at our appointed seasons and make it subservient to our growth in grace and thy glory. Comfort us under all our discouragements, and may thy strength be made perfect in our weakness. Teach us how to pray, and then grant the desires which thy Holy Spirit may excite. Bless all thy children through the world; be with thy ministers and the missionaries of Jesus Christ, and grant them thy presence and all needful wisdom.

"Sabbath. Fast as my minutes roll, new mercies are bestowed. O may my grateful soul unceasingly praise my God!

Last week I went to Bath for my health; was kindly received and entertained by friends, and returned in safety to my loved habitation. I pray for all I was conversant with, particularly the friends of truth. In reflecting upon myself while absent, I find great cause for humility, and do earnestly pray that God would ever be with me in solitude and society, and help me to make his glory the great object of my concern.

"June 9. Yesterday attended the preparatory Lecture; the season was solemn. Three females were examined by the church and received. O may they come tomorrow to the feast of the Lamb, welcome guests, each one with a wedding garment!"

June. After recounting the trials of an interesting young female, who came to her house from a neighboring town and

remained nearly two years, she says, "My pity is much excited for her. May she have the pity and special mercy of God. She is yet with me, and my prayer is that we may both dwell together in the New Jerusalem." This prayer, I trust has been answered. Snatched from impending ruin, this young woman became hopefully pious. And now the unprotected who fled for safety, and she who received her, do, we humbly trust, together bend before the eternal throne, and cast their crowns at the Redeemer's feet.

"April 4, 1805. On this Fast day I desire to humble myself before a holy God for my great sinfulness. I have added to the weight of national trangression, and deserve no exemption from national punishment. O God, suffer me to plead with Thee for mercy! pardon,

accept and save me for Jesus' sake. Save my guilty nation. Our sinful conduct, if persisted in will prove our ruin. Lord, interpose and bring about a reformation, so that it may be consistent with thy justice to save us. Quiet the selfish party feelings which now agitate the public mind, and hasten the peaceful period when man shall no longer be the enemy of man; but all unite as one happy family in seeking thy glory. Then shall thy name and thy praise be in all the earth!

"April 21. This day I hope to go up to the temple—may it be with right views and feelings of heart. Lord go with me thither, be with me there, and keep my heart through every part of worship in a devout, solemn frame. Let me not in the intermission join in conversation unsuitable to the holy day.

"May 15. In reading Deuteronomy 8th chapter, I felt myself personally addressed in the 2d verse. 'And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thy heart, whether thou wouldest keep his commandments or no.' As God dealt with Israel, so has he dealt with me, all my life long; and the result is, I see my heart to be desperately wicked. May I as fully know what it is to be humble.

"May 25. Having one of the ambassadors of Jesus in my family, I was called from my chamber, and I left my book with regret. But I found pleasure in waiting on one of the friends of God; and desire to bless His holy name for any thing I have in my heart or house to make them happy. All I have, has been

received; therefore I would cheerfully give up all I am, and have, to promote the divine glory.

"May 29. To-day the female religious Society meet again in my chamber. O that the Divine presence may be with us, that our meeting may be for edification! I feel insufficient in myself to do any thing aright; Lord teach, and assist me, and all the praise shall be Thine.

"June 6, Monday. At sacramental seasons, I generally have some distressing views of the wickedness of my heart. How admirably calculated are all God's dealings with me, to show me what is in my heart. At the preparatory Lecture I was much delighted with the entertainment of the Sanctuary, and my heart responded joyfully to the truths exhibited by the Speaker. But unstable as water, I cannot excel. My joys are transient!

Now and then a lucid moment, with many a darksome hour. O for constant and undisturbed repose in God!

"July 6. Yesterday the Lord was very gracious. One of my family appeared engaged in the cause of truth, manifested an excellent spirit, and gave comfortable evidence that he was born from above. For this I would bless God, and take encouragement.

"July 9. After a wearisome night passed in many painful exercises of mind, arising out of the difficulties attending my being a minister's wife, I met the company faint-hearted. O that God would give me all needed grace; a disposition to keep at his feet begging for support and direction! My feelings are daily wounded, yet I am obliged to put on an air of cheerfulness, lest my grief should be counted austerity, and I should hinder,

rather than help, my husband in his arduous labors. Blessed Jesus, have mercy on me. Create within me a clean heart; renew within me a right spirit. Make me like thy blessed self, and prepare me for the enjoyment of thy presence in endless glory.

"February 16, 1806. Through this forenoon I have been more comfortable in body and mind than for many weeks. Lord, I thank Thee for reviving me so richly with thy former loving-kindness. I begin again to breathe in my own element. Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.

"March 16. As the flying clouds vail the sun, granting only now and then a cheerful ray, so care and sorrow overspread my mind, and allow me only some faint glimmerings of joy. Painful and

constant interruptions harass and confuse my mind. I have felt disconsolate for some time past. I am embarrassed in my family concerns, and seem to have more calls for my hospitality than I know how to answer. Help me to feel and do right, and all will be well. I need patience and wisdom; and for these I would seek unto God."

The embarrassment and trials, of which she here complains, arose from the unhappy state of a young woman, who had fled to her for protection nearly two years before. This young woman when she came was uneducated in almost every respect; unskilled in domestic labors, and perhaps slow to learn; and there may have been also some untowardness of disposition. This to a person of great sensibility like Mrs. B., accustomed to the best society, and to taste and order in her

domestic affairs, would be a great trial, and devolve upon her much additional labor and care. But Mrs. B. was at length greatly comforted in this more than orphan child.

"July. Having obtained help of God, I have now to acknowledge his loving kindness and tender mercy to be very great. In six troubles, and in seven, nay in seventy times seven, Thou hast been with me. O may my heart be ever meditating upon Thy perfections, and ever be disposed to give Thee the praise which is due."

## CHAPTER VIII.

An Academy in Newcastle. The first Sunday School. Devotional exercises. A severe Scald. Feeble health. A journey.

A PERSONAL acquaintance with those who are worthy to be remembered adds not a little to our interest in them. Early in the spring of the year 1808, the writer became an inmate in the family of Mr. and Mrs. B. and henceforth in this narrative he does not depend entirely on papers and manuscripts for the statements he may make.

There was an Academy in Newcastle, which had been in successful operation about three years. The first preceptor was Mr. Haskell, afterwards pastor of the Congregational church in Burlington, and

for several years, President of the Vermont University. The second preceptor was Mr. Beman,—the Rev. Nathan S. S. Beman D. D., of Troy New York, pastor of the 1st Presbyterian church in that city. Mr. Beman had the charge of the School in the year 1808 and 1809. In it there was congregated an interesting group of young people; several young men fitting for College, and young ladies from families of great respectability. There was also a Sabbath school, superintended and taught by the preceptor; the first, which the writer had ever attended; and probably it was the first with all the pupils. The preceptor and a large portion of the students not resident in Newcastle, boarded in the family of Mrs. Bayley. This fact may account for the deep solicitude which Mrs. B. sometimes expresses respecting her domestic affairs,

and her complaints of care and exhaustion, notwithstanding she was generally happy with her charge, and they were happy in her society. Memory lingers with delight on that pleasant household, on the scenes witnessed and the impressions made: and though forty years have since passed away, yet three of its inmates if no more, survive to labor in the ministry and preside over churches.

"Journal. February 10, 1808. Yesterday it was cold and stormy; I thought much of my husband, who had gone to Vermont; yet I experienced great mercy for my support. Through the evening I cheerfully attended to my domestic business; and although the storm continued, so that had I needed assistance, I could not have obtained it, yet I felt no disquietude. I missed my husband exceedingly and longed for his return. Every

thing around me seemed to mourn his absence; yet I was comforted with the hope that God would return him safely. Thanks to my heavenly Father for his care of me.

"This is a pleasant Sabbath; but I am confined at home. Lord, afford me thy presence, and I shall have some foretaste of heaven; the enjoyment that my dear departed friends, who have died in the Lord, are in full possession of. A few days since, my respected friend, Rev. Alexander McLean, was languishing here. But his sufferings are over; his captive spirit is liberated: he is free from sin, his greatest trial, and present with the Lord. Dear departed spirit, farewell.

"Sabbath. I feel a sweetness of temper, since my morning trial, which leads me to bless God for it. While I suffer thy rebukes, O God, lead me to adore

thy fatherly hand that gives them. Blessed Jesus, I begin to hope more steadfastly than I have done, that thou hast had my name engraven on thy breast from all eternity; that thou wilt purify my soul from all its pollutions, and through much tribulation prepare me to enter into thy rest. It has pleased thee, whose wisdom is perfect, to try me in various ways; and now I bless thee for the good hope that my will is subdued to thy will. I began life with *strong desires to know much, to do much*, and planned many schemes to promote the happiness of those around me: but God, in infinite wisdom, has frustrated my calculations, cramped my desires, cut off my expectations, and made my castle-building vain. O God, my heavenly Father, in my last most trying conflict, be thou with me, and

whisper peace to my departing spirit! Dear Jesus, stretch forth thy blessed hand, and lead me through the gloomy vale.

"Sabbath 21. My mercies since the last Sabbath have been very great. I trust my heart is sensible of the kind hand of my heavenly Father, which is holding me up. Yesterday, in a distressing moment I was enabled to cast myself wholly on the Lord, and I found sweet rest to my soul. I am tried by having a large family to take care of: O that I may be kept from impatience! Lord, be thou my helper and my comforter. My soul aspires to thee; keep me from falling; I have no strength."

Early in August, of this year, Mrs. Bayley accidentally fell into a kettle o boiling beer, or wort, and scalded her

hand and arm very badly. For a few days, the scalded member seemed to be doing well; after that, it assumed alarming appearances; she was very sick, and her recovery considered quite doubtful. She was, however, in mercy restored. The following extract from a letter to a friend, dated October 8, 1808, will give a more definite account of it. "My pen has been taken from my hand, these last eight weeks, by a severe scald, which has been very distressing. The whole hand and arm, half way to the elbow, was in a dreadful state, when taken from the scalding wort. For about two hours my sufferings were terrible. I thought of the scripture interrogation, 'Who can inhabit everlasting burnings?' My husband was deeply affected with my suffering. Soon, physician and neighbors

came, and by their efforts I was revived. The first three or four days, the scald had no very alarming appearance; after that, for eight or ten days, it threatened mortification, and lock-jaw. My distress was unutterable. While it was supposed that amputation might be necessary, my heart sunk at the prospect; but I thought if Mr. Bayley saw fit to have it done, in order to protract my life, I would yield to his inclination; but I preferred to fall on the mercy of God, as I was, and leave my case with him. And to the praise of his tender mercies, I am so far restored, as to be able to do a little. I am exceedingly needed in my family. My health is very poor. To-morrow, God willing, I set out on a little journey, hoping it will be beneficial. I have experienced great kindness

in my confinement. I know not what is best, but God does; here I rest."

In the summer of 1809, as Mrs. Bayley's health was very feeble, it was thought best to take a long journey; as traveling had generally proved favorable to her health.

August 27. Just before she started on her journey, she wrote as follows. "I live to praise Thee, my dear Immanuel. May my heart never be reluctant to give thee the glory due to thy name. My feebleness and suffering lead me to apprehend that the last conflict is near. O friend of sinners, still be nigh: I cannot part with thee! Thou hast been my never-failing friend. With joy I record the pleasing truth. In eternity may I realize it more. I cannot pass into eternity without leaving my testimony that God is faithful,

a ready helper to all who hope in his mercy. Living, he has followed me with his tender mercy, and with my dying breath I would glorify his name. Surely God is a hearer of prayer, in his holy habitation. When with feeble hand, I marked on the page dated 1795, my full heart rose to God in earnest supplication, and he heard my moan, and alleviated my sorrows, by allowing me to hope in his mercy, and to leave cheerfully all my concerns with him. And blessed be his name, he has in the best manner granted me the desires of my heart. My best earthly friend lives to declare the truths of the gospel, to help in building up the kingdom of the Redeemer. I have a comfortable dwelling, which gives me frequent opportunity to wait on the ambassadors of Christ, to entertain stran-

gers, to comfort the solitary, to give residence to the orphan and the destitute. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not his faithfulness. Take courage from what God has done for thee, from the first dawnings of life, and still hope in his mercy. His kind hand has led me through many a dark night. He has supported me in many a conflict. O the goodness, wisdom, mercy, and power of my almighty Father! Eternity only can give me time enough to praise him. May I press toward the land of rest with diligence, confidence, and prayer. He who has loved me, will bear me through, and make me more than a conqueror. Thanking thee for favors past, pleading for the pardon of innumerable transgressions, with grace to bear me over the billows, which look furious, I commit myself again to

the tender mercy and kind protection of my almighty Saviour."

Mr. and Mrs. Bayley commenced their journey about the first of September; went through New Hampshire, and Vermont, into the state of New York: tarried a while at New Lebanon Springs, and then went to Hudson city. Then, they wended their way into Connecticut through several of the principal towns, and following the course of the river, they went to Deerfield, Mass., where they tarried a little. Here is the first record of her pen on this journey.

"Traveling still in the wilderness, I arrived at Deerfield, and took a grateful retrospect of the dealings of God toward his American Israel. Here, where cultivated fields meet the eye wherever it turns, a little more than a century since the savage Aborigines

roamed, and in their freedom fought to secure their forests and their waters. But they are driven out, and God has given their inheritance to another people; many of whom are, I trust, of his true Israel. May the time soon come, when the poor heathen on our borders will be brought to know and fear the Lord, and unite with all the redeemed in praising his name. While I stopped to view the charming prospect, I could not suppress the sigh occasioned by reflecting on the murderous scenes which were here transacted, and tinged these pure streams with human gore. May no such scenes occur again; and the reign of righteousness and peace, be hastened on."

Through this long journey, Mrs. Bayley was remarkably supported, saw many excellent people, made many

friends, was kindly treated, and returned home with health improved, and spirits invigorated.

We close this chapter with extracts from a letter to Deacon Taylor, of Ashby, Mass., a venerable man, in whose family Mrs. Bayley resided for a season, in her youth.

"My much respected Friend: Had my affection for you and yours ceased, when I ceased writing, I should have missed much pleasure, as well as some pain which I have experienced, whenever I have thought of you. . . . . With us the time is short. Unusual feebleness points me to the grave; and you, my dear Sir, cannot be far from it. Yet a little longer, and the places that now know us, will know us no more. But we hope we have a building of God, an house not made with

hands, eternal in the heavens. How highly favored! Though we groan in this tabernacle, being burdened; yet in our Father's house we shall rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

"I well remember the pleasant conversation I had with you, while a sojourner in your hospitable family. In reflecting on those happy hours, my heart rises in gratitude to Him, who in great mercy pointed me to your peaceful abode; and pointed out all my paths; some of which have been thorny, but not the less needful. Heaven is the place for durable delight; earth for discipline and trials. What gratitude we owe to God, for the precious promises with which his Word abounds, that our trials if suitably improved, will prepare us for the enjoyment of himself; that through tribulations, we shall enter the

kingdom of heaven, that he will be with his children in the most trying circumstances, in the furnace, in the water, in the dark valley. What can they want more? If we are so happy as to meet in glory, how light will the afflictions we have met with, appear, compared with the blessings we have obtained?

"Your sufferings, dear Sir, are somewhat similar to mine, and they, doubtless, will continue till we get through the wilderness. O, for the hope of being delivered then, how grateful should I be! You may lose your burden first, but when I overtake you, it will be as though we had entered heaven together. Adieu, my dear Sir, till we meet where adieus and the pains of separation are unknown!"

## CHAPTER IX.

Sickness and death of her brother. Visits her mother's native place. Female meeting. Incipient measures for the establishment of a Theological Seminary. Hopeful conversion, sickness and death, of Mrs. Hale. Devotional exercises.

"LET us not be weary in well-doing; for in due time we shall reap, if we faint not." Moral causes are often slow in producing their appropriate effects: but none are more certain, none so permanent. Famine and pestilence may sweep our country, and terrible as the calamity is, a few years of health, and plenteousness will efface every appearance of them. A nation may achieve its independence, and if justly and honorably won, the patriotic of all nations will rejoice. But nations, with all their

interests, will pass away with this temporary world. Important, as are the freedom and secular prosperity, of a state or empire, they do not compare in interest with the conversion of sinners. This event moves all the heavenly world. "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God, over one sinner that repenteth." The holiness and felicity, of a ransomed soul, will be lasting as the existence of God. He only can duly estimate the value of a soul; and if sinful, the importance of its conversion.

We have seen the subject of this memoir, go forth weeping, bearing precious seed; and if God spare us still farther to trace her footsteps, we shall see her return again with rejoicing, bringing her sheaves with her. The chapter, on

which we have entered, will show a beginning of the harvest.

Journal. "September 10, 1810. To day I hear that my dear brother is declining fast. My heart trembles for him; I have been hoping to see him once more: but now I fear I shall not, in the land of the living. I desire to resign my brother to Him, who has the best right to him. He is dear to my aching heart; but I would have no will of my own."

"September 20th. My brother is no more. He died on the 14th. O my brother! And shall thy loved name no more impart joy to this aching heart? So God has decreed, and what he wills, I will. All his ways are perfect, and I would adore, without asking the reason why he thus chastiseth.

"I begin the day with desires to ap-

prove myself faithful to God, and all I am connected with. The youth and child, in my family, give me anxiety. But I am solicitous to do my duty to them, and be enabled to give them to him, whose creatures they are, praying that they may be his, in the day when he maketh up his jewels. My health is so poor, that I can do or bear but little. My great business is, to prepare for eternity. I see nothing to invite my stay here any longer. Yet, I plead not for a dismission from the post assigned me, till my Lord order me to leave. I suffer so much from feebleness and pain, I could wish to be excused from family cares and interruptions; but I dare not be importunate in this request, lest I offend Him, who knows infinitely better than I do, how to dispose of me."

"January 7, 1811. Blessed be the name of the Lord. Through the forenoon, I was sweetly favored. Reading in the family in the morning, some account of my Saviour's sufferings, my affections were moved, my heart touched with sympathy. Retiring to my chamber I pursued the subject, and my soul seemed united to him. I was unable to attend meeting, but my chamber became a Bethel. Communing with him, in whom I delight above all others, I have seldom found my heart more enlarged. I found great comfort in pleading for absent friends. I trust God will grant my desires respecting some who have lived in my family. I find it so sweet conversing with my Saviour, I hardly know how to go down to the family. Surely the bread

of heaven is better than any that earth affords."

"April 8, 1811. I am distressed for a member of my family, in a Christless state;—for a child, under my particular care,—for the people of my husband's charge,—that the church may be roused from their lethargy. Having, as I humbly hope, his honor and glory in view, I trust that God will hear and save."

1812. Mrs. Bayley had a taste and fondness for the beautiful in art and nature; especially the latter. This is manifested from many passages of her writings; and in particular, from some parts of her Journal, which we now insert. "I had long wished to see the place, where my dear mother began her pilgrimage. But, till 1812, the indulgence was withholden. Being weary with a long day's journey, I

prevailed upon my husband to turn a little from his purpose, and tarry at the house of his late friend, Dr. Thayer. Riding over the plains of Kingston, of which I had heard my mother say much, I had emotions which I remember with pleasure, but cannot describe. The golden beams of the sun were just tipping the hills and mountain tops with his departing rays. The road for several miles was fine, and for a considerable way, led through a beautiful green, where cattle, and sheep, were quietly grazing, and by the wayside stood here and there an ancient elm, on whose many branches birds of various species sung in delightful harmony. The air was fragrant. A stillness reigned that aided much, my meditations. In the height of my

enjoyment, the chaise stopped; and thus awaked me from my pleasing reverie.

"Mrs. Thayer kindly received us; and when, at length, I told her that on that spot my mother began her pilgrimage, she was much surprised; and upon learning her name she was affected, and remarked that her brother had married a relative of mine. From this moment, our interview for each advancing hour, became more and more interesting. While at Newburyport, a short time after, I represented to my beloved Mrs. Coombs, the circumstances of the good widow. The heart of Mrs. C. was opened, and she gave me a twenty dollar bill to hand to Mrs. Thayer, when I returned.

"As Mr. Bayley had agreed to preach in Kingston on the Sabbath, we returned there on Saturday. Our friend

met us, and by the expression of her countenance, more than by words, intimated how glad she was to see us again. At a convenient opportunity, I put into her hand the twenty dollar bill. She attempted to speak, but tears and tender emotions prevented. At length, she said, 'How unworthy am I to receive so bountifully of the Lord!'

"Sabbath morning. Every thing around me was charming,—the beautiful green, on which stood the ancient time-worn meeting-house; the wide road, the venerable and majestic elms, waving their tall heads as the people walked under their friendly branches; the people flocking to the house of God, formed such a combination as almost to overcome me. Seated in the house while the people were collecting, I suffered fancy to rove a little, and it suggested that

on that spot, and within those walls, my mother was devoted to God in baptism. Then my grandparents, with heavenly mien, seemed present. Time past, present, and future, were all now blended; and I felt as though I could sit and sing myself away to everlasting bliss. After sermon, I was introduced to an elderly lady, who related many particulars respecting my ancestors, which greatly interested me. I was also introduced to Mrs. C., my mother's relative; and when I took her hand, it is impossible to describe what I felt. I thank my heavenly Father for these cordials on my journey."

"November 2d. This afternoon, I have closed the meeting I opened, May 18th, for the instruction of the dear young females of my husband's parish. The meeting was full, and very inter-

esting. O Jesus, Friend of sinners, regard the prayers presented for these dear immortals! O take them all to thyself for the crown of thy rejoicing, through the vast round of eternal years! My heart longs for their salvation. I have given my time, even to great weariness, and my anxieties have been excited to a great degree for their best improvement: but thou, dear Immanuel, hast given thy life, hast come down from heaven, and hast borne thy Father's frowns, that they might have his blessing. May these precious ones, be for the glory of thy grace, to all eternity."

This meeting was strictly a Bible class. The young women of the parish were invited without distinction, to come one half-day in a week, to Mrs. Bayley's chamber, to read, and receive in-

struction from the Holy Scriptures. The meeting was opened with reading, singing, and prayer; and, after devoting a suitable portion of the time to the instruction of these dear youth, was closed with prayer. It was delightful to see thirty or forty misses and young ladies, clustering around their kind benefactress, each with a Bible in her hand, listening to instruction, drinking in divine knowledge. These labors of love were not in vain: many of these young pupils will, it is believed, remember with joy in eternity, the happy hours thus spent. Mrs. B. had a happy talent for securing the affections, and guiding the minds of young people. This meeting was continued for years, so long as Mrs. B. remained in the place.

"February, 1813, Sabbath 11th. The

Lord liveth, and blessed be my rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted. I would bless his name for support granted me the last week, suffering in body, rejoicing in spirit, submitting under pain. The Redeemer has my heart; O may he take possession of all that I am, all I have! I want to honor and glorify him, whom my soul loveth, to the utmost of my capacity, to be filled with the Holy Spirit, that I may do good in my generation."

"March, the 8th. Though unable to go to the house of God, I have many mercies to acknowledge, the Bible to read, a heart to delight in it, peace in my habitation; and from day to day I am upheld in waiting upon some of God's creatures; often on some of his dear children.

"I thought, this morning, if my dear Lord were here in person, I would bathe his feet with tears, and wipe them with the hairs of my head. Adored be sovereign goodness for such sweet exercises. How has my heart gone after my dear Mrs. Ashmun and others. As friends of Jesus I love and esteem them. My heart is tenderly affected for my dear Mr. Bayley; he is feeble in body, but strong in his desires to serve and please his divine Master by devising liberal things. O that his life may be prolonged till he gets into operation a plan for the instruction of pious indigent young men, that they may preach the gospel to the poor, who are scattered about in the wilderness! Blessed Saviour, strengthen, prosper and succeed the benevolent undertaking. O give to thy supplicating handmaid favor with those who have the means, that she may

obtain something to give into the treasury of the Lord!"

Thus Mrs. Bayley entered with great fervor of mind into the plan of establishing a Theological Seminary in Maine; and thus she, and her christian associates, Mrs. Ashmun and Mrs. Hale, prayed for the incipient Institution. But for their prayers and influence, perhaps the Theological Institution of Bangor might not have been established. Be this as it may, they doubtless did what they could; and their reward is in heaven.

"Blessed be the God of salvation. I never deserved any thing but separation from all good unto all evil; and yet goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life. Though unwell, I lost not the great object of communion with God, which is the essence of all true happiness; I had some intercourse

with heaven. As I went about my work, I found it sweet speaking and singing of the love of Jesus. As my husband was gone to preach at North Yarmouth, before the Maine Missionary Society, I was led to plead that he might be supported, and be made instrumental in doing good in the vineyard of his dear Master."

"July 1, afternoon. This morning Mr. Payson of Portland, and Mr. Homes of Boston, left us after a short, friendly visit. My affections were much drawn out toward them. I trust we shall one day meet in the pleasant land. I now find myself free from company, and desire the presence of Him who warmed the hearts of the two disciples traveling to Emmaus. And though my eyes be so holden that I cannot see Him through the vail of the flesh, yet I pray that the Holy Spirit would grant me such exer-

cises as were felt by those dear friends of Jesus, as they walked together and talked of his death and resurrection. I seek not my dear Lord and Saviour among the dead in the tomb, but as my risen God. Come, blessed Jesus, come! I will give Thee room in my heart; yea I will give it all to Thee."

"July. Blessed Jesus, thy claim is stamped on all; that makes it valuable, and excites my care. I love to take of the little thou hast entrusted me with: I love to relieve, by alms and prayers, thy suffering members; I love to speak kindly to thy afflicted ones, to put garments on thy poor ones, and to give food and cordials to thy faint and needy ones. Make me like thyself in every good work."

"September 6, Gorham. When the hour of parting came, Mrs. Rand proposed re-

tiring and commending each other to the love and mercy of our almighty Friend. This act of personal devotion united my heart more than any thing else to the dear woman. I hope our friendship is for eternity."

Letter from Mrs. Bayley to Mrs. Hale.

"Portland, September 8th, 1813.

Dear friend of my heart; a change of circumstances changes not my feelings toward you. I am now at Mr. Payson's where I feel at home. While the family are preparing to go out, I catch the flying moment to assure you of the continued interest I take in your present condition and future blessedness. The bells are tolling, and minute-guns are fired to honor the perishing remains of two sea captains (of the Hornet and the Boxer,) who fell last Sabbath in an engagement

off this harbor. Mr. Payson makes a prayer in the meeting-house, whither the corpse are carried, thence to be conveyed through several of the principal streets, and then deposited in the house of silence. But while these perishing honors are being rendered over the ashes of the dead, my thoughts pursue the immortal spirits into eternity, where they will both meet in the presence of the Eternal who has said, 'Thou shalt not kill.'

"But I turn from the melancholy subject to inform you that we have followed the pillar and cloud thus far safely; not without suffering from poor health and a wicked heart.

"But wherever I go, with whomsoever I am, the thoughts of you occupy much of my attention. If I hear any thing said of home my first impression is, I will tell my dear Mrs. Hale of this.

When I send a desire to the court of the heavenly King, my dear Mrs. Hale forms a part of the petition. When favored with a hope of being soon in the pleasant land, where the inhabitants shall no more say, 'I am sick,' I extend my views and espy my beloved friend exulting in her Saviour's love. Thus, my dear, I find by happy experience, your happiness, present and future, incorporated with that of your ever affectionate,

A. G. BAYLEY."

Mrs. Hale's last letter to Mrs. Bayley. "September 14.——O that I had the pen of a ready writer, that I might let you know with what feelings I have just received your most affectionate letter! My heart is filled with mingled sensations of love and gratitude for your numberless instances of care for, and kindness to-

ward me, though certainly unworthy of the least of them. May the best of heaven's blessings attend you through the remaining part of your journey, and still keep your mind calm and serene, though surrounded with storms and troubles. I believe it will give you great comfort to hear that I am much better than I have been. I hope in a few days to ride down and spend a part of a day with you. For the last three years, one of the greatest sources of happiness has been to be able now and then, to spend a day or two at your house; and I trust, if we live, it will still be so. O that I may be kept mindful of the goodness and mercy of that God, who has hitherto preserved me! May God enable me to study what I shall render unto him for all his benefits. I am, with love and esteem, your affectionate,

S. HALE."

From Mrs. Bayley to Mrs. Hale, a note. "Newcastle, September 18th. My dearest Friend!——Never did my heart flow out in love to you more than at the feast we have both attended.——I thank you for your continued exertion to show your love for the precious ordinances of the Lord. It affected my soul with pleasure mingled with tender sensations, which I cannot describe. Your regard for the dear-bought feast, your kindness, your example, were, I trust, noticed by hovering angels, who with delight wait on the church at such seasons, marking with holy joy, the love and unity, which subsist among the flock. I trust they have borne your expression of love to your dear Redeemer this day to the heavenly courts; and while they record the deed, all the heavenly arches ring with hallelujahs for the prospect of your being

presented ere long to the Father, faultless, by the kind hand of the Friend of sinners. In this confidence, I now give you up, when called for. If your work is done first, I will say, Amen."

This effusion of feeling was occasioned by an event which touched many hearts. Mrs. Sarah Hale was the daughter of John Farley, Esq., of Newcastle; was early married, went to Exeter, New Hampshire, to reside, buried her husband, and returned to her father's house. She was brought under serious religious impressions by some remarks made to her by Mrs. Bayley; and soon after hopefully converted. In due time she professed her faith in Christ; adorned her profession by her christian conduct; and at the time of which we now speak, was evidently in the last stages of consumption. The church were assembled to

show forth their Lord's death; just at the close of the forenoon exercises, the door of the house was opened; and leaning upon the arm of her widowed mother, with the paleness of death on her countenance, Mrs. Hale entered and took her seat. At noon when the church attended to the ordinance, with assistance she seated herself by the side of Mrs. B., received the memorials of her Lord's death, with great tenderness, and was so refreshed that she tarried through the services of the afternoon. For a few weeks this dear disciple lingered, then, as we doubt not, her spirit took its upward flight. Her dust was conveyed to the tomb, on the day when the church next came together to break bread.

## CHAPTER X.

Devotional exercises. Further labors in Maine. Theological Seminary. Devotional exercises. Letter to a foreign missionary.

PERSEVERANCE in a good cause is indispensable to success. Moses, the man of God, in his efforts to deliver Israel, was sometimes disheartened; but he persevered, and his labors were crowned with triumphant success. The missionaries of the London Missionary Society, labored almost twenty years at Tahiti under circumstances of great discouragement; but they persevered in efforts to evangelize the natives, and in due time they were permitted to gather a rich harvest on heathen ground. A good man had an only son, and bestowed

much pains on his education: but the son was wayward, and at times his case appeared hopeless. The father could not abandon his son; he persevered till this child of his prayers was forty years of age, when he was hopefully converted to God. The father lived long enough to have evidence of the reality and permanence of the change. The son now fills the place as a member and officer of the church made vacant by the death of his father; and is now governor of a commonwealth in this Republic.

Mrs. Bayley sought earnestly to glorify God, to comfort and bless his children; and to promote the conversion and salvation of sinners. Though comprehensive, her object was one; and to secure its accomplishment she persevered in effort through life.

"January 1st, 1814. To God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be equal and undivided praise. The first moment my God has given me strength to hold my pen shall be employed to record his praise at the remembrance of his manifold mercies. Through many dangers and much suffering I have been carried through the year 1813, and now the year 1814 is opening upon me. One favor I would here record, deliverance from sudden and awful death by the sting of a bee. My pains were very great, the poison spread rapidly, and all expected immediate dissolution. Almost immediate relief was obtained by the application of the spirits of hartshorn; a few drops taken internally and some applied externally: an excellent remedy for poisonous bites and stings."

"January 12. Sitting with some of the sisters of the church yesterday, who compose a little society for religious improvement, I felt my heart much drawn out in devout exercises, and longed for the time when, refined, purified, and separated from the body, we shall meet around the throne, with hearts glowing with love and gratitude. To-day I feel as though I could mingle with no company but such as can feel, and talk of things eternal.—In reading some account of Lady Russell's views and exercises, I am delighted and long to be with her."

"June 5th. Yesterday morning was a precious season to me. I awoke before the sun appeared, and found my heart attuned to praise. As I was repeating the name of my Saviour with great delight, the birds began their morning

songs, and seemed to unite with me in praising our Creator. I felt the savor of it all the day."

"June 26th. Very feeble, unable to go up to the temple. I long to be with Jesus. Sometimes even here in the house of my pilgrimage, I seem to get a glimpse of him. Alas! too often the view is intercepted; yet when I get it, all created beauty fades away, as a feeble spark expires before the blaze of the meridian sun."

"July 3d. How good is God: I went out in weakness, I have been supported. The word and services were very precious to my soul. Surely a day spent in His house of prayer is better than a thousand."

"Newburyport, September 25th. Brought again to the very apartment, where my tears flowed, and my cries as-

cended unheard by mortal ears, I will praise his name, who has wrought wonders for me, and leave it here on record that God is faithful, kind and true; and those are blessed who confide in his Word. O, his marvelous kindness during a long night of affliction! And now in this place he has put songs of joy into my mouth. I would call upon my soul, and all that is within me to praise him.—And I pray for spiritual blessings upon this *beloved* family, which God has made instrumental to my comfort and happiness. May the blessings of the upper and nether springs be theirs. I am called to visit; Lord be with me during the time passed in company.—I am afraid to visit, lest I say something amiss. O that my conversation may be profitable! Jesus mingled in the social circle.

So might I, cherishing his spirit, enjoying his presence, and meet his approbation."

——, 1814, Hampden. After speaking of the kindness shown her at the hospitable mansion of General Crosby, she says, "On the banks of the Penobscot, it is contemplated to establish a school for young men of religious habits, to train them up for the ministry; that the destitute plantations in this district may be favored with pious instructors to teach them the way to heaven. The Lord bless the institution, and may it be the means of delivering many souls from the dominion of sin and Satan, and of leading them to the Saviour.

"Blessed be God for honoring me, unworthy as I am, with giving the first mite to the Treasurer for its support. This was the free-will offering

of a number of females in different places, whose hearts the Lord has made to feel for their fellow immortals. The Lord bless them individually with his special love. The little sum was one hundred and sixty dollars. The Lord make it to increase a thousand-fold. Blessed be God for making me his almoner." Mrs. B. persevered in this labor of love till she had collected and paid to the Treasurer of the Maine Theological Seminary, nearly two thousand dollars.

Speaking of these efforts, Mr. Bayley says: "Daughters of Zion, mothers in Israel, residing in Maine, will you not follow this blessed example? Your Theological school needs assistance. Will you not rise up in your might, and resolve that the female fund at Bangor shall be raised to ten thousand dollars?

Can it be said, that you have done what you could, until this is done? Think you that the first contributor regrets what she did? Is it wrong that this should be mentioned as a memorial of her? Will you not go and do likewise? And remember, the time is short!"

Mrs. B. felt and cherished a lively interest in the cause of Christian missions among the heathen. Her feelings on this subject are well described in the following letter to a female missionary in India.

"Newcastle, March 30, 1815.

My Dear Roxana,

Through the mercy of God I am encouraged to hope you may receive one more testimony of my continued love and friendship. I received

yours dated Calcutta, September 18th, 1812, with emotions not to be described. My husband partook of my pleasure; and it was sometime before we could read through the precious epistle, so much were our tender feelings excited. From that time I have been waiting and longing for an opportunity to thank you for such a tender proof of remembrance; but the unhappy war has hitherto hindered. Blessed be God, we hope the way will be clear for the exchange of letters with beloved friends on the other side of the globe, who still live in our memory and are dear to our hearts. Peace is now proclaimed along our shores, and we hope that one of the happy consequences resulting from it, will be opportunity to learn more frequently what God is doing for poor immortals in heathen lands.

"We have had the pleasure of hearing from your mission, and have sympathized and rejoiced with you as circumstances varied.

"We have received the Report of the twentieth meeting of the London Missionary Society, and our hearts bound with joy at the glad news. Surely God has done wonders in our day, and we rejoice with longings of soul, to be workers in so glorious a cause. From small beginnings great things have arisen, and what further may we not expect, since Jehovah owns and blesses? We will praise and pray, if we can do no more.

. . . "Having done with circumstances, I hasten to say, what I have many times; I still love you. Are you yet a sojourner in this vale of tears? I hope the assurance will reach you and

quicken your remembrance of me at the mercy-seat. Are you above? May some courteous angel bear you the tender expression as I sigh it over my pen. If our professions are sincere, we shall soon meet to mourn our separations no more.—How do you like your manner of living? Can you do any thing for the poor females? Are the children docile and willing to receive instruction? Do you enjoy the Divine presence? Is communion with God through the glorious Redeemer so sweet to your soul, that you can say with the Psalmist, 'Whom have I in heaven but Thee, and there is none upon earth, I desire beside Thee?' I long exceedingly to know all about your situation; whether your circumstances admit of your being useful; whether you enjoy so much of God in your work as to compensate for

all you have left in your native land? I am interested in all that concerns you, not only as my friend, but as a Christian Missionary. I consented to your going to the heathen; nay more, I encouraged you to do what I would gladly have done at your time of life. I pity the nations that know not our dear Lord, and would most gladly minister to them, were it in my power. May my dear Master accept a willing mind. When I learned you were about to sail from your native shores, I bade you God speed. I followed you across the mighty deep, I forsook you not when the pagans crowded around you, and smiled you welcome to their land. While you were seated among them, I waited for a token of kind remembrance; and ere long it came. Propitious gales from Asia brought me assurance of

your continued love; I could not doubt your friendship, your words were a refreshing repast to my soul.

"Have you, or any of your company, been so blessed of God as to gain one poor perishing soul for the Saviour? Then I am compensated ten thousand times for all the anxiety I have endured on your account.

"O could I arrest the wheels of time, and roll them backward twenty years, I would cross seas and mountains to be with you, teaching the little natives the name and works of Jesus! Oft in imagination, I seat myself beside you, under the branches of some spreading tree; and, with the Bible in my hand address the gazing audience. I feel as though I could preach to the listening group and tell them what Jesus has done for sinners: that once he visited

our world, and had a small family which he called disciples; that he told them to teach all nations, and baptize in his name; that his birthplace was in Asia; that there he lived and died; that when he had finished his work on earth, he ascended to his glorious throne above; where they will go when they die, if they love him, and believe on his name. I would tell them that little heathen like themselves are welcome to his arms; that the heathen nations are his, redeemed by his blood, and that he will have many of them to live with him in glory. Thus musing, my heart is all desire, and still on the wing; instead of going backward, I spring forward twenty years, and in vision behold wondrous things done by Jehovah. Missionaries are owned and blessed; nations receive in-

struction and obey the gospel, scholars in your little flock are prepared to teach in their turn; and mothers are aiding their children to lisp and spell the name of Jesus; while native missionaries are going from village to village, preaching glad tidings to perishing sinners. Still the prospect brightens: temples devoted to idols are demolished, or consecrated to the worship of Jehovah. Cruel Brahmins instead of throwing weeping infants into the Ganges, will bring them in their arms and present them to the Saviour. Good God, hasten on the glorious day!

"Be encouraged, my dear, though heavy trials await you, and precede the blessed period, when the heathen shall be given to Christ for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession. We trust you will be of the honored number engaged

to bring about this glorious event. You have the prayers of thousands of God's dear children: and though Satan may roar, he will never prevail against the King of Zion.

"I should not have been so prolix, but it is not probable I shall write you many, if any, more letters. Eternity seems just opening before me; and you know that makes time appear as a moment. Most I have loved, have crossed Jordan; and are I trust at rest in the pleasant land. Blessed be God for the good hope of meeting when our different duties are performed. And now, my dear Roxana, adieu. Wednesday in the last week of each month, when prayer is statedly offered in this apartment, you are remembered by the sisters; and with heart-felt affection by your unalterable friend, A. G. B."

"December 6th, 1815. 'As the heart panteth after the water-brook, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God; when shall I come and appear before God?' . . . Yesterday a poor man in plaintive tones asked me for a piece of bread. My heart was affected; I made ready a comfortable meal for him; and surely I found it more blessed to give than to receive. Thanks to God for the exquisite pleasure afforded me, in being able to help one in distress. Now, Lord, feed his soul with the bread of life, and my soul will rejoice. To-day I have been laboring for the bodies of many around me, and have had little time for reflection. In thinking of my heavenly home, my heart sighed and longed to be there."

"December 8th. I have many mercies

of which I am in some measure sensible; a comfortable home, good books, with a desire to read them; the Bible in which is my title to an inheritance among the children of the kingdom. But with all these blessings, I feel most of the time hungry and thirsty. When, O Lord, shall I awake in thy likeness? I long to be in a capacity for taking into perfect review all the way the Lord has led me in this wilderness.

O that the blessed hour were come,
To bear me to my long'd-for home."

"At length, the year 1815 expires. Solemn thought! I have done but little that I should have done, and much that I should not have done. O, Jesus, Friend of sinners, pardon, and accept me."

## CHAPTER XI.

Devotional exercises. Domestic cares and labors. Correspondence with Dr. Ramsay and his family. A revival of religion.

"JANUARY 25th, 1816. Traveling in the dark with a heavy burden on my heart, I am ready to faint. Lord, let me hear thy charming voice, and though my path be hid from me, I shall not sink. Every day I feel more and more as though my journey were closing. O, my almighty Friend, leave me not now, when most I need thine aid. Having committed my eternal interests to thy management, and given myself soul and body to Thee, through thy Son, and devoted my time to be

spent in a faithful discharge of my various duties, O suffer me not to be anxious about the time, or the manner in which my spirit shall break from its confinement!"

"January 28th. Lord, all my desires are before Thee, and my groaning is not hid from Thee. I long to visit the house, where thou art worshiped, to unite with thy saints below in praising thy name. But since thy Providence confines me in my dwelling, O blessed Immanuel, come, and bless it with thy presence. Breathe peace on all within its walls, and in due time bring each soul here with me, into thy blissful presence, for ever to enjoy thy smiles.

"I am grieved to see professing Christians so unwilling to give into the treasury of the Lord, and so much conformed to the world: I am grieved

at the low state of Zion. . . . Blessed God, since in condescension infinite, thou art pleased to accept all who are willing to be saved by grace, I come, and in the name of Jesus Christ alone, cast myself upon thy mercy. I plead his merits, I love his character, I choose the method of acceptance with thee, through his obedience, sufferings and death. I love his name, it is all my hope; I love his holy disposition, and long to be like him, that I may dwell with him and behold his glory. I thank thee heavenly Father, for the gift of thy Holy Spirit, without whose aid I should have no desire to approach thee. O may I feel his blessed influences on my heart, warming, encouraging, and urging me on to every good word and work, that I may be prepared for the sweetest enjoyment the soul is

capable of, communion with God. . . . We take our passage through life at a very eventful period; knowledge of the pitiable condition of the heathen is come to many; God is now calling for his silver and his gold. I dare not use it for ornament, lest I rob my Master of his due. I say not that there are none who may deck themselves with costly array, God has given riches and honor to some. They have it in their power to appear in elegant apparel, and yet do abundantly for the cause of Christ. But Christians in general are not thus circumstanced. O that those professing Christians, who call themselves poor, particularly when contributions are made to send the Bible and missionaries to heathen lands, would remember that our dear Redeemer for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich!"

"June 24th. Commenced our journey westward, heat uncomfortable, could proceed no further than Alna. Called at a tavern, were kindly treated and entertained; and when we called for our bill the hostess kindly gave it in. Blessed God, when she is arraigned before thy bar, and has nothing to pay, may Jesus, the sinner's Friend, appear and cancel her debt."

"November 25th. Company and busy scenes deprive me of much enjoyment. O how different heaven will be! . . . I love my friends; they are my chief treasure; but I can best enjoy them, one or two at a time. When I put off this clog, I hope to be fitted for the enjoyment of the company, which no man can number."

"January 1, 1817. The first movement of my pen shall be to record

the goodness of God to me. I am brought beyond what I thought probable a few months since, to see the beginning of the new year. It dawns upon me in peace. God of my life, forgive all the follies of the past, and enable me by thy divine grace to devote each moment of the coming year, to thy glory. All earthly joys languish and die in comparison with thee. Grant me thy presence, and I am satisfied; withhold it, and I droop and die. Blessed be thy name for all the mercies of my journey through this weary land. Though they exceed all my comprehension, yet I love to dwell on the subject. My temporal mercies have been constant as my beating pulse; my spiritual mercies transcend all conceptions. I am now under great pressure of spirits; but, as I hope past afflic-

tions have been blessings in disguise, so I trust God will overrule the present. He knows my weakness, and will not deal unkindly with me."

"January 3d. Blessed be God, I have a comfortable habitation, fuel, food, and raiment convenient for me; a kind husband to lighten many cares; books to read, and a pen, to relieve my full heart; and, to sum up all, God is my Friend, and I am blest."

"Wednesday 8th. The female Cent Society met here, and, although the day was cold, and very uncomfortable, more than fifty collected, and gave cheerfully into the treasury of the Lord. One half of this collection is given to our Theological Seminary. The Lord bless this Institution, and make it the means of much good, to perishing souls.

"Yesterday some of the female con-

verts met in my chamber for prayer. I trust Jesus was with us. My soul melted into love; I longed to be where I could love holy beings with holy affections, to all eternity. I have seldom felt more willing to depart; I long to be where there is no interruption to the enjoyment of God and holy society.

"The cares of a large family now oppress me; but I dare not ask for an alteration of circumstances, lest, in so doing, I should offend my God, who is wise in counsel and perfect in government. Give me grace, that I may walk before the interesting youth of my family, in a holy and exemplary manner, that I may recommend to them the religion which I profess."

"March 3d. A special prayer meeting. My heart was refreshed by the coming in of a few to unite in calling

upon God for the outpouring of his blessed Spirit. How pleasant to see the youth coming around us, to pray and to praise. I was affected with the deplorable state of the unconverted part of my family. I have admonished them, have written to them: Lord, add thy blessing, or all will be in vain."

"April 2d. My soul followeth hard after God; when shall I be near, and like Him? Yesterday was a memorable day. Good news from many beloved friends reached us: I would bless God for it. I received a letter from the daughters of my dear Mrs. Ramsay. They appear to possess much of the Spirit of their ascended parents. Blessed be God, for the affection he has given me for them. I rejoice in the hope of seeing them in glory." The daughters here mentioned were the

children of Dr. Ramsay, the historian, and Mrs. Ramsay, who was the daughter of Henry Laurens, first President of the American Congress. A correspondence commenced between Dr. Ramsay, and Mrs. Bayley; and after the Doctor's decease, it was continued by the daughters."

"April 6th. Oh that this people were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end! In the afternoon experienced some comfort in attending meeting with some of the church and people, for prayer and religious instruction, in my house. As soon as the meeting closed, I retired to the study to avoid unprofitable conversation. Why do not those who attend religious meetings, return to their homes to meditate and pray?"

"August. Received an affectionate letter

from Miss Martha P. Ramsay, of South Carolina. It was written in a kind and filial manner, so that my heart, just before wounded, was much refreshed. How I ought to love, and adore the God of mercy."

"September 6th. Newburyport. Went with my dear Mrs. Coombs, and her family, to the meeting-house, where, in my early days, I was given up to God in baptism, by my parents; where I went with them to worship; where I had gone with Mrs. C., to listen to divine truth as it dropped from the lips of the speaker, and had been instructed and comforted. Viewing my friends around me, my feelings were greatly excited, and I was ready to cry, O that the period were come, when with my friends beloved and dear, I might, from worshiping here

in temples made with hands, go to worship in the New Jerusalem, where sin does not enter, nor separation mar the bliss."

"November 3d. Newcastle. I numbered twenty years of my weary pilgrimage, in this place last Saturday. Great sufferings and greater mercies mark every year of the term. Lord, forgive my numerous offences. The last year, is a period to be remembered by nearly thirty here. Glory to God in the highest! This pays for all my sufferings. Thanks to God for the rich compensation. O take the dear youth in my family, who are strangers to Thee, and bring them into thy service! When I see a precious number around my table, my desires are kindled, that they should devote themselves now, in the morning of life, to thy service;

that their strength, talents, and youthful years, be consecrated to my God. O compel them to enlist under the banner of King Jesus !"

In the year 1816, there was in Newcastle, an ear to listen to the word of life; and in the following year a revival of religion. Into this good work, Mrs. B. entered with her whole heart. Though in feeble health, she was strong in the Lord; and evinced her abundant willingness, to spend and be spent, for the good of perishing souls. The instructions which she gave to serious inquirers, and to others, and the ardent prayers which she offered, were perhaps as much blessed as the public ministrations of the pastor. How delightful, to see the youthful females of the congregation, going weekly to Mrs. Bayley's chamber to be instructed

in the things which pertain to salvation; and the mothers on another day, convening to pray for them. Doubtless the angels in heaven rejoice over such scenes as these.

## CHAPTER XII.

Devotional exercises. Death of an early friend. Decease of Mrs. Mitchell. Extract from a letter. Devotional exercises. Decease of Mrs. Brooks. Mr. Bayley's pastoral relation dissolved.

ENOCH walked with God; and so have some of the heavenly family, in every age. It is delightful to follow the spiritual pilgrim in his journey outward to a better country. Sometimes he may seem to be stationary, or even retrograde in his movements. But on the whole, it will be easy to see that he makes progress. It is characteristic of him in prosperity and adversity, in joy, and in sorrow, that he walks with God. If the sunshine of heaven illumine his way, he gives thanks to

the bounteous giver; if called to walk in the mists of sorrow, and night of affliction, he humbles himself, and still makes supplication to his maker. To him, God is all in all; the Father is his Father; Jesus Christ is Alpha and Omega, the Holy Spirit his illuminator, Sanctifier, and Comforter. Such was the state and history of Mrs. Bayley; and in perusing her writings, and contemplating her labors, and course of life; it is not difficult to perceive that she made marked advances toward the heavenly world.

"March 18, 1818. Sabbath. This holy morning being fine, I had longing desires to visit the sanctuary. Thither the friends of God go up, while I sit here and weep unseen, and sigh at the mercy-seat, for support. Hope whispers in gentle accents, to my troubled

heart, and tells me that the promised land is near: there remaineth a rest to the people of God. My Father, I thank thee for this sweet cordial, sent to keep me from sinking. Continue thus to support me, and I can endure the lancet, the probe, and the corrosive.

"I called the members of my family who could not attend meeting, into my chamber that I might instruct them: Lord bless the instruction.

"I have four or five orphan children in my family, besides other dear youth, who need advice and instruction. My God, instruct me, that I may know how to instruct them. The wards thou hast given to our care, I give to thy special mercy; O accept them! Take the dear amiable young man under thy special protection: direct his

steps and lead him in the way everlasting. Choose thou, the business thou wouldst have him to engage in: but, above every other consideration, constrain him to seek first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and in so doing he will be prepared to serve Thee, and his generation. I would leave all my family with Thee, begging for each of them, an interest in the dear Redeemer."

"Sabbath 29th. Fatigued with long attention to my young family, I retire to the study for relief. Here may I meet with Him, whom my soul loveth. I have trials to endure, and need grace to keep me from complaining. One moment in heaven will pay for all I have endured, or can endure on earth, should life be continued to its latest date."

"April 1st. Hearing a few days since of the death of one whom I loved in early life, as a friend of Jesus, I fell into a pensive strain, and was ready to cry, Must I be left alone? Will all the dear pilgrims with whom I early held sweet converse on things relating to the heavenly Canaan, pass over before me into the good land! Well, be it so. If I may at last be gathered with them, weary and wet with the storms and toils of the wilderness, I will not complain, though life be protracted to three-score years and ten."

"April 2d. This day is appointed by the Governor of the Commonwealth, for a general fast. O that he and the people over whom he presides as chief magistrate, may keep the day agreeably to the Spirit of it; as it will doubtless

be observed by some humble followers of Christ.

"In turning to the effusions of dear Fanny Woodbury's pen, I find such sympathetic feelings awakened in my bosom with love for the dear Pilgrim, I take courage, that I shall one day mingle notes with her in the land of eternal bliss. May some kind angel stand by, when my redeemed spirit breaks from its prison and its sufferings, to guard me on to the courts of my God, where Jesus stands to welcome travelers home.

"When earthly friends wound my heart, may it excite no fearful emotions. I had rather my heart would break with grief, than swell with hard feelings towards any one. Any degree of fretfulness gives me the greatest sorrow. Grief softens, resentment tears the

heart. I long for a shower of divine grace to distill upon us: may heavenly dews descend, and water all around.

"December 1. Give me power to record the greatest of all thy mercies, that of hoping that from eternity thine eye of electing love was set upon me. Here rests all my comfort. O has Jesus atoned for my transgressions? What gratitude; what love; what praise, I owe thee! O my Saviour, let it be my highest aim to honor thee! Blessed be God, for the good hope that my pilgrimage, long and weary, is now drawing to a close. My sun seems setting, as the millennial morn rises: but I willingly leave my friends to enjoy the peaceful period. I had rather be in heaven, where there will not be a possibility of offending my Lord.

"Then farewell, my dear husband:

God reward your kindness to me a thousand-fold, in spiritual blessings. I go before to welcome your arrival. Farewell all my dear household. God grant us a happy meeting, with the redeemed family above. Farewell, church and people of our sacred connection. May blessings of the upper and nether springs be yours.

Dear spot, where first my race began,
Farewell! and thou, poor world, adieu!
I leave thy dreary coast,
With Zion's port in view.

"October 30th, 1819. The Lord reigns! His power extends through the universe. By it I am upheld. And it is sufficient to uphold me in the dark region of despair. I am suffering more to-day than I can describe. Dear Jesus, thou art my only hope. O, give me faith in thy name! Let not thy mercy, in

which is all my trust, fail me. Bestow the long requested favor upon this people; open the windows of heaven, and pour down blessings, special and divine, upon the dear branch of the church here planted."

As we have seen, Mrs. Bayley was no stranger to affliction. She was called again into the school by the sickness and death of a very dear friend; Mrs. M., wife of Rev. D. M. Mitchell, of Waldoborough.

"November. Must I let my Rebecca go? O, my full heart, where will the next arrow enter? I need much grace. O, may I so improve this affliction, as to need no more of this kind. How have I hoped to have her tender bosom to lean upon, when going down the banks of Jordan. But if I have my dear Redeemer's, it will be infinitely

better. Dear child of my love, dear friend of my heart, adieu. How much you will gain by an exchange of worlds! O, for preparation for the heavenly world! Long have I been beating on this inclement coast. How much longer, O my God?

"November 26. Blessed be God! I learn that my Rebecca is more comfortable. I pray for a heart to improve the blessing aright. And may my dear child feel her obligation to devote herself anew to God."

Extract from a letter to Mrs. Greenleaf, of Newburyport. February 28, 1820.

. . . "Yesterday Mr. Dole came to my house, and caused my heart to dictate grateful acknowledgments to the Father of all grace and consolation, for a precious cordial for my fainting heart,

prepared by the hands of two most tenderly beloved friends in my native place. I was sitting in my little recess, receiving attention from a dear spiritual child, given me in the refreshing shower we were favored with in 1816. My dear husband was absent. He had gone to Waldoborough, to attend the funeral of my dear, much loved Rebecca. Her precious remains were committed to the dust on Saturday afternoon. Having preached on the solemn occasion, my husband did not, by reason of the damp weather and his exhaustion, return till Monday afternoon. His feelings as well as mine were deeply interested in the solemn and tender scene. But we can do and bear all things, God strengthening us. A great assembly was convened at the funeral; but our beloved was surrounded by a multitude infinitely

greater, which no man can number, of holy angels and glorified saints. O, my friend, are we going to that blessed society; to the kingdom where our dear Redeemer reigns gloriously over all his happy subjects? May we then go on our way rejoicing, even when sorrows press, and difficulties cluster around us."

"January 29, 1821. Blessed be thy name, O God of mercy, for the innumerable favors of my life! Time would be far too short, though lengthened to its latest period, to recite all the acts of kindness I have received from my bountiful Benefactor. Many years have I been an undeserving object of thy care: thy mercies have been constant as my beating pulse. My temporal mercies have been great, my spiritual mercies greater; and all connected with my eternal good. I am lost as I glance

at them. O, blessed God, it is not enough that redeeming love will be my eternal theme; I must begin it here! Lord, capacitate me more and more for the blessed employment. It is my happiness now to be employed in it; and it will be my happiness for ever. I cannot conceive of being happy unless I have a spirit to adore thee for the work of redemption. Here all the perfections of God shine forth; mercy and truth meet together; righteousness and peace embrace each other; all the divine attributes harmonize. O, blessed employment, to be for ever engaged in contemplating the triune God, and with increasing delight! O, for preparation for bliss so great! Welcome every cross, every future suffering, that will prepare me for the sweet, eternal work!

"January 10. I remember the day

when a pious widow, clad in decent apparel, called upon me, and after sitting awhile, saying but little, yet exhibiting a countenance that bespoke a heart filled with care, arose to go. I gently asked her, if she were in want. Her eyes filled with tears, and suppressing a sigh, she said, 'Yes.' This was a moment never to be forgotten. Heart then met heart, and from that moment became reciprocally one. It was an hour when experience taught, that it is more blessed to give than to receive. The pious widow gratefully acknowledged the faithfulness of her God; while the giver rejoiced in being his almoner to such a worthy subject."

Mrs. Bayley was again called to mourning, by the death of a very dear and excellent friend, Mrs. Brooks, wife of A. Brooks, Esq. Of this painful

event she thus speaks: "My Rebecca being taken away, I dropped a tear, and turned to my dear Alethia, and told her how my heart bled. She received the mournful account with more than the sympathy of a sister. She felt as a friend of kindred feelings, and by her friendly pen soothed my sorrows. But just as I began to feel that I had yet one comforter of kindred mind, who might accompany me down the bank of death's cold stream, disease seized her also, and gave her into the hand of the destroyer. She saw the foe of nature, but friend of her better part, approaching, and feeling the affections of her tender heart flowing toward her grief-worn friend, called for her pen, and commissioned it to report the assurance of her dying love, sighing out, 'Your own Alethia:' then she dropped her

pen, and plumed her wings. But why this deep, long sigh? In nobler employments she is now engaged; with friends infinitely more dear and excellent than those she has left, she is now surrounded. Now she beholds Him, who hung upon the cross, to bring her to glory, and her whole soul is filled with gratitude and praise. She enjoys the company of patriarchs and prophets; of apostles and martyrs; of Christians of earlier and later days; and her enjoyments will never fail. No sickness, pain nor sin to fear. Happy soul, thy sufferings and thy conflicts are ended. I congratulate you on your release from prison—your arrival in the blissful world where Jesus reigns and smiles on all the happy myriads redeemed by his blood. When at my Father's call, I leave my poor tenement, I hope through

sovereign grace to meet thee near the throne,

> And with thee humbly bow, and sing
> Sweet songs of praise to Christ, our King.

"January 15, 1822. The cloud hanging over me is thick and dark. Every ray of light seems extinguished, save a little glimmering that now and then gleams on my soul, from the idea that God is merciful. But my sorrows are not all on my own account. Lord, thou knowest the concern of my soul for the people with which we are connected; for the low state of religion; for the precious souls of my family in a Christless state; for distant friends and relations; for the Jews, the near kinsmen of my adorable Redeemer; for poor Africans; for a world lying in sin. To pity and pray is all I can do. O God,

hear my cries for all; and let me live to record thy faithfulness, thy mercy shown to a feeble orphan claiming thy promises.

Jesus, to thee I raise my cry,
On thee alone my hopes rely;
O, pity my distress.
Of health and friends I feel bereft,
And in my lonely dwelling left,
I need supporting grace.

"December 2—Lord's day. I cannot attend divine worship; but would unite with all the Lord's people in prayer for the effusion of the Holy Spirit. Lord, assist my husband in the services of the sanctuary. I long for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on my own soul, on the souls of all in my family, the church and people. I plead in all the earnestness of my soul. Hear me, O my God, for Jesus' sake. My heart is

moved within me for poor perishing sinners of every place and nation under heaven. O come forth, King Messiah, as a mighty conqueror, and subdue the hearts of the children of men! O, let these breathings of my soul at thy footstool, be followed with songs of praise and thanksgiving!

"November 27, 1823. Blessed be God, while my life remains and my sufferings continue, I feel inclined to hang upon him by prayer. For some time my mind has been in a praying frame, with longing for preparation for glory. The unconverted of my family press tenderly on my mind."

Letter to Mrs. Mary Little.

"November 30. I thank you tenderly, loved Mrs. Little, for calling yesterday. Sweet is the sympathy of friends. May God reward your love. To-day my

harp hangs on the willow—my soul is in heaviness. My husband sits solitary, while my heart is too full to say much to him. May God be his supporter, and the comforter of the dear church, the object of our most tender concern. Never, my dear—no, never did my heart flow out to you in love more tender, than since this season of sore affliction. When dear Mrs. Farley came in on Friday, I was ready to exclaim, 'And must we part?' I long to go with you, as in days past, to the place where prayer is wont to be made. But alas! here the deep sigh arises. How long, dear Jesus, shall the dark day remain? Pity our case, regard our griefs, and return to us again. May the blessed Head of the Church so sanctify our trials, that when our sufferings are over, we may meet and sit

down together at the marriage supper of the Lamb. Till that happy hour arrives, may you and yours be safe under the wing of the Almighty. A. G. B."

"November 30. This month closes in a few hours. Blessed be God for the supports of it. Great have been my sufferings and my ill-deserts. O for a humble, thankful, adoring heart!

"December 13th. Thinking I must begin to set my domestic affairs in order, to depart to some other portion of God's heritage, my feelings are much tried. Newcastle is dear to me on many accounts. Some with whom I formed pleasant acquaintance here, have gone over Jordan, and in the Canaan of rest are now praising Thee, while I am here weeping, almost alone. But some beloved ones remain, with whom I had hoped to finish my course. Lord, sup-

port me and them under the sore trial of separation. I feel likewise for my dear family, which in a few months must scatter. O Thou, who hast been my helper during my long and wearisome pilgrimage, hear me now while I plead for some little spot, where I may spend the remainder of my days in some useful manner!

"Saturday, 20th. With holy gratitude I would acknowledge the goodness of God to me last evening and night. The distress I suffered so much through the day, was abated in the evening, so that I went to my chamber in a comfortable state both of body and mind. O, how is my debt of gratitude increased! To-day my desires for the salvation of my dear family, from whom I must soon be separated, and the dear people of our late charge, are ardent.

Have mercy on the dear youth; keep them from falling into temptation; and O, provide for them a seat among thy redeemed ones. Give me faith to plead in thy name, and a holy reliance on thy blessed promises. In thee is all my hope; O let me not be ashamed!"

Here closes the records of Mrs. Bayley's pen for this year. The latter part of it was a season of great trial and affliction. At Mr. Bayley's request, an Ecclesiastical Council was called in the autumn of this year, and his pastoral relation to the church and people in Newcastle was dissolved, after he had served almost twenty-seven years. Thus some of Mrs. Bayley's fondest hopes were blighted; she was very tenderly attached to the church and people; she had expected to spend the residue of her days with them, to die with them

and to rise with them in the bright morning of the resurrection. But God thought otherwise.

More than a hundred young persons had resided in the family in Newcastle: no one had been confined by sickness; a death had not occurred in the habitation for six-and-twenty years; some of the youth were hopefully pious when they went to reside in the family; others while there, were in the judgment of charity, converted to God; all received much good instruction, and doubtless salutary impressions; some in due time became ministers of the gospel. What happy influences were put in motion and spread abroad toward the four winds by the hundred young persons, God only knows; influences which will descend through all time, and never cease.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Leaves Newcastle. Journeys into Vermont. Labors in Greensborough, Vt., for the religious improvement of young women. Takes the charge of a class in the Sabbath school. Devotional exercises.

The ancient patriarchs confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth; and they sought a country, not indeed that which some of them had left, but a better, a heavenly country. All true believers are spiritual pilgrims. Such undoubtedly was the subject of the memoir, journeying towards, and longing for, her heavenly home. She was a literal pilgrim, the greatest part of her life; having after the death of her parents no abiding home in her earlier years. After her settlement in

Newcastle, she thought that her literal pilgrimage was ended. But it was the Divine will that some of her most delightful associations should be broken up. The affliction was severe; but it was evidently sanctified to her. The following stanzas will show her tenderness of feeling and deep grief at parting with her home and friends.

*Reflections occasioned by my leaving my home on the banks of the Damariscotta, June* 17, 1824, *just before sunset.*

Pensive travelers, hence we go,
Oppress'd with many a nameless wo;
Distrustful where our steps to move,
Or what untrodden path to prove.
Saviour divine, impart thy light
To lead our doubtful footsteps right,
And let thy cloud and pillar be
The sure and constant guide from thee.

But O, the anguish of my heart,
From most I love, how can I part?
Of home, and friends with whom I dwell,
How can I take the last farewell?

How take of all things here, adieu,
These streams and fields I lov'd to view,
And leave my home at close of day,
To take the pilgrim's lonely way:
My home, where oft with willing feet,
I've run the man of God to meet;
Or giv'n the needed couch for rest
To some poor pilgrim, care-opprest?

But hush, my heart, nor dare complain;
It is thy God doth thus ordain;
And what he doth is sure to be
Most suitable, and fit for thee.
I pause, reflect, and will obey
Thy will, my God, to go, or stay;
And while thy mandate to depart,
I plainly hear, be still, my heart,
And seek no more on earth for rest,
But look above among the blest.
And while to earth I am confin'd,
O, make me to thy will resign'd;
To go where call'd, to stay when bid,
And try to do as Abraham did;
Resign my home, my friends, and all
I value on this earthly ball,
A stranger o'er the world to roam,
Till God shall please to call me home.

Mr. and Mrs. B. journeyed considerably during the remaining portion of this year; and he supplied for a season successively several congregations, and was generally thus employed till the autumn of 1825, when he entered into a contract with the church and congregation in Greensborough, Vt., to supply their desk for four years. During this period Mrs. B. suffered considerably from ill health, and sometimes from depression of spirits: but her mind was active, and she labored to benefit the young women by giving them instruction from the Scriptures. Nor was she contented with labor only; when seventy years of age, she took the charge of a class in Sabbath school.

Extracts from a letter to the wife of the writer, dated

"Greensborough, September 4, 1826.

. . . "It is with the affection of a mother, I take my pen to say, that you, your dear husband and children, still live with unabated affection in the heart of the grief-worn pilgrim, who two years since began a personal acquaintance with you, in your resting-place on the banks of Lake Champlain; an acquaintance and friendship which I humbly trust will continue, till it is perfected in glory.

"A day or two since we received a short, but welcome favor from your husband, narrating the feeble state of your health. . . . Blessed be God, my painful anticipations were not realized; my dear L—— yet lives, and I pray she may live to train the precious immortals committed to her care for usefulness here, glory and immortality hereafter.

. . . "Friends were in my earliest days the chief treasure of my heart. But however loved or needful to me, they must go when called for; neither tears, nor prayers, nor my solitary state, availed aught. When the summons came, parents, brothers, sisters, children, and friends of dearest name, left me. But to solace my heart, my heavenly Father called me to active life for nearly thirty years on the banks of the Damariscotta, in Maine. Here I labored and entertained a large number of the family of the dear Redeemer. The pleasure I found in making all who came within my doors comfortable, repelled that inclination to pensiveness, so apt to be felt when sorrow invaded my bosom. My dear L—— will, after this statement, see how liable to suffering her afflicted friend must have been,

in the course of the last two years; separated from the friends with whom she had been walking in Christian love many years, and in the presence of whom she expected to put off immortality: from home and its pleasant conveniences; that home, where with delight she seated all who came to her house at the seasons appointed for religious instruction and prayer. And now, at the going down of her sun, she finds herself torn from all those endearments, and among strangers; not a friend of kindred feeling to soothe the heart. But no more; the feeling hearts of my dear children will know how to pray for their distant friend, who ceases not to think of them with the most tender love."

"January 1, 1827. The year 1826 has rolled into eternity. . . . Most of my

beloved friends are gone over Jordan, and I trust, while I am mourning the want of their society, they are perfectly happy without me. In this I rejoice, and hope ere long to overtake them, and though unworthy, to rejoice with them in the presence of our Beloved.

"January 7. Open, O God of power and mercy, the windows of heaven, and rain down righteousness upon the land, particularly upon this state, county and town. O hasten the fulfillment of thy promise to Abraham thy friend, respecting his seed, and bring them to inherit the blessing thou hast promised them! And may the Gentiles soon be brought from the ends of the earth to the love and obedience of faith in the risen, glorified Messiah. I now set my face toward the stream, that divides this from the pleasant land. O my

Saviour, lead me safely to, and mercifully through, the dark valley to a place in thy kingdom above.

. . . "Thou knowest my desire to serve thy cause. I want something to put into thy treasury for the support of the blessed Gospel. I appeal to thee, my God, that it is my heart's desire to serve thee. If I may not here, O prepare me for heaven, and take me hence!

. . . "I look to thee, with whom is the residue of the Spirit, for wisdom and every needed grace to make my instruction profitable to my Bible class. I feel my dependence on thee, O God; may I experience thy blessing in the conversion of souls. I long for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit in this place, in my family, upon my own soul.

"Feb. I am interrupted in stating my

desires, by the coming of an African little boy. Lord, hear a petition I send warm from my heart, that a mansion may be given him in thy kingdom above. My soul is moved for the cruelties with which these poor people are treated. O hasten the time when they shall be made *free* in Christ, and become the sons and daughters of the living God!

"May 27th. As in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is, the weary traveler faints and tires on his way, so, O God, my spirits languish and faint as I slowly move toward heaven my home; while I find but here and there a stream, in this barren wilderness, at which I may slake my burning thirst. Pity me, O my God, and refresh my languishing soul with draughts of divine consolation, issuing from the river

that flows from above, or take me home, where my hungry, thirsty soul may be satisfied. . . . Lord, thou knowest my heart! I think the strongest desire of it is to honor thee, by doing something to promote thy glory among the fallen race of Adam—something for poor perishing sinners in this world of woe. The two poor African children I take to instruct, dear Jesus, do thou compassionate, or all I can do will be of no avail to them. My pity is excited, and I am willing to take up the cross in giving them what instruction I can, but all my efforts will be in vain, if thou, Lord, do not bless.

"I thank thee, blessed God, that my greatest delight is in reading the Oracles of divine truth, calling upon thee for likeness to thy blessed self, endeavoring to cultivate a spirit of true

holiness, in the company of thy dear children, in the hope of pardon for innumerable transgressions. For, alas! with my hopes for mercy through the dear Redeemer, I have to acknowledge great ingratitude, great want of submission. But with all the deformity sin has made in my heart, I do hope, that ere long I shall be made perfect in the likeness of God, and thus be prepared for the society and employment of heaven.

"Visited and was kindly treated. But I found it very difficult to treat my conscience kindly. I endeavored to have my conversation on such subjects, as would become candidates for eternity; but the most trifling thing would divert my attention. *I can't visit in this way;* it costs me too much.

"Oct. 16th. *Enter not into judgment with me,* O Lord, but show me thy

mercy. This morning I had a sad proof of the wickedness of my heart, and I hope I was immediately led to confess my sinfulness before God, with real abhorrence and hatred of soul. My trials are great, but the greatest of all is a sinful heart.

"I bless thee, O God, for bringing to me the account of dear Mr. Scott's pilgrimage. This, with his Commentary on the blessed Bible, is food to my hungry mind.

"Nov. 11th. I find in the account of some of the remarks of our late beloved friend, Dr. Payson, this memorable reply: when asked, if he could see any particular reason for his sufferings, 'No,' answered he; 'but I am as well satisfied, as if I could see ten thousand. God's will is the perfection of all reason.' This remark, I desire to have

transcribed on my heart, that when I may be tempted to think that such and such providences appear dark and mysterious, I may silence all improper feelings by having recourse to this remark, which I pray may ever remain in my memory: 'God's will is the perfection of all reason.'

"And now that I am seated in my little room, I invoke thy presence, blessed Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, to be with me, enlarging my heart, in pleading for the advancement of the dear Redeemer's cause in our fallen world. That all who are near to me by consanguinity, affinity, or acquaintance, especially those I call my friends, who bear the image of the blessed Jesus, the ministers of Christ everywhere, dear missionaries of the cross, may enjoy thy presence. I make this record

of God's faithfulness, power and mercy, that I may not forget, that the God of my early days is the same now when years are increased, and the time of my departure is near. That I am preserved when most I knew and loved are gone, is matter of wonder even to astonishment. O that my unworthy self may in some way be promotive of the divine glory!

"March 7th, 1828. The season of prayer with dear distant friends returns. O that I may be favored with the aids of the Holy Spirit! Having read over the names of the persons, and objects, I desire to pray for, I would desire this once, if I may not again, to go unto the King and plead for them all, and each, in the name of Him whom the Father always heareth.

"I would come with my wants to thee,

O Lord; turn not away thy face from thine handmaid. Lead me now, O thou kind preserver of my weary body, safely to my resting-place in the grave. And if it may be consistent with thy blessed will, give me a short, peaceful, quiet passage across the stream that divides this from Canaan's blessed land.

"April 22d. The early years of my childhood were marked with sickness and pains, and deep convictions of sin. My heart, like the rest of Adam's race, was totally depraved; but it pleased God to give me a conscience tender and susceptible, quick and alive to the least deviation from the divine Law. O how many reproofs it has given me, beginning as early as I can remember; reproving and condemning even the secret thoughts of my heart! I knew myself to be an old sinner before I had

counted my first ten years. And yet, O yet I went on sinning; God chastening sometimes more heavily than at others, but never contrary to the voice of conscience! Had my improvement kept pace with God's varied dealings, what a proficient should I have been in the school of Christ! How ripe for heaven!

"April 18th. 'I cried unto the Lord in my distress, and he heard me.' I was pressed down with a heavy trial, which I had borne some time, and could with David say, 'Deliver me from lying lips.' Things had been laid to my charge I was innocent of, therefore I could plead with the Lord. And to his blessed name be everlasting praise! before I left my closet he did undertake for me, and sent one of the persons who had caused my suffering, to see

me, and gave me an opportunity to converse with him freely and faithfully on the subject. Bless the Lord, O my soul, for what he hath wrought for me this day.

"May 9th. Blessed be God, I have undisturbed opportunity of uniting this forenoon, with my dear friends in my native place, in humble prayer, for special favors, personal and relative, the spread of the blessed gospel, for the conversion of Jews and Gentiles. O my heavenly Father, draw me by the aid of thine Holy Spirit, into thy presence-chamber, and there allow me to pour out my soul before thee in humble supplication. I know I deserve not this mercy; but for the dear Redeemer's sake, spurn me not from thy presence.

"August 28th. In giving me hope of rest with him, in his kingdom, I desire

that God would make me perfectly willing to endure interruptions, sickness, pain, and distress of any kind, his wisdom sees fit to order.

"In my various petitions which I present to thee, my heavenly Father, hear me, while in the anguish of my soul, I do entreat thee to conquer by thy all-powerful grace and mercy in my heart, the sin that doth so easily beset me. Lord, thou knowest it has ever given me the most excruciating reflections. I abhor myself on account of it, and would repent as in dust and ashes."

By such remarks, Mrs. B. showed great tenderness of conscience, and readiness to judge and condemn herself. "But," says Mr. B., "after living with her more than fifty years, I am unable to decide what she called her easily besetting sin."

"Feb. 20th, 1829. My thoughts are with my dear departed friends in glory. O, my Father in heaven, prepare me to go and meet them! Enable me to plead with thee by a true and living faith, that when I put off the garments of mortality, I may be clothed with the robes Jesus has prepared for all who love him. I long to possess his blessed Spirit, to be prepared for holy society, and to meet the dear Redeemer. Most of those I truly love are with thee in glory. O prepare the few that remain for the same blessedness!

I long for the descent of thy blessed Spirit here upon all who call themselves by thy name, upon neighbors and society. I long to hear of sinners inquiring the way to Zion, and that our colleges, schools, and seminaries of learning, are receiving showers of divine

grace. May the precious Institution on the Penobscot grow under divine cultivation, and become instrumental in preparing pious youth for the service of the sanctuary.

"March 15th. Lord, be with my dear husband wherever called to preach in thy name. Bless all the ambassadors of Christ engaged to-day in negotiating peace between God and perishing souls. Be gracious to the inhabitants of this place. Bless my friends, and for Jesus' sake, forgive those who have wounded and grieved me.

"To-day expect company. Lord, be with my heart and tongue, that I offend not with my lips, nor utter a word God will not approve.

"May 7th. In reading the lives, and the dying exercises of many of thy dear saints now in glory, my soul is

greatly refreshed from day to day. For ever blessed be my heavenly Father for the wakeful hours of night. Many of my nights bring sweet solace to my soul. Blessed God, I thank thee for hope beyond the grave, for longing desires to be near and like thee.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Removal from Greensborough, Vermont, to Thornton, New Hampshire. Formation of a Bible Class and labors for the religious improvement of the young females of the place. Some of them hopefully converted. Removal from Thornton to Hardwich, Vermont. Devotional exercises.

Our aged pilgrim is literally on her journey. It was the will of God that she should be useful in various ways and places. And without the name, perhaps without the thought, she was a female missionary, often itinerant.

"Thornton, New Hampshire, June 4th. Having obtained mercy of our heavenly Father, we arrived here safely Saturday, May 30th. The roads being unsettled I was quite fatigued, and am yet quite unwell. On the Sabbath I went to meeting

in the afternoon. All were strangers and indeed appeared as though they meant to be so. Not one came to speak to me or even gave a social look. As my heart was pained by the recent separation from all I loved at Greensboro', I was led to look up to my soul's best friend for support. When I got to my lodgings, being overcome in body and mind, I fell on my pillow, and eased my full heart a little in breathing out my feelings and desires to Him who seeth in secret, and regardeth the sighs of all his afflicted ones. I ask not for any of the great things of this world. Thy presence, with an opportunity to do something in Thy cause is all I ask for, is all I want. And in order that I may meet death with composure, enable me, heavenly Father, to familiarize myself daily, with the idea of dying, that the solemn

event may not surprise me. And O, may I make it my great concern to see that my life is hidden with Christ; that when called for, I may go to live with Him in glory!"

August 6th. She made her last visit at Newburyport.

"Journal. Seated in the town where my first tear was shed, and where they now flow, I call upon thee, my God, for grace and strength, as every day needeth. From my heart I can now say, farewell beloved spot, where my never-dying existence commenced. I sigh no more to dwell within thy limits. In a day or two I leave forever, the place long dear to this aching heart. Peace be within thy bounds and prosperity attend thy industrious inhabitants. May thy churches be as a band of brothers; and thy ministers united in the Gospel.

And may the prayers of the righteous, which have ascended in this place, be remembered, and answered in the salvation of many souls."

The following were written at Thornton, New Hampshire, when she was seventy-six years of age.

"Here as I sit and sigh alone
Among New Hampshire's hills unknown,
A thought does now and then arise,
That soothes my heart, and checks my sighs.
For here on every hill and tree,
My great Creator's hand I see;
That blessed hand, that hitherto
Has brought me many dangers through:
The hand that pointed out the way,
Through many a lonely, cloudy day.
And shall I now distrust its pow'r
To comfort in this trying hour?
That be forever far from Thee,
Great God, whate'er my lot may be.

And now to hills above the skies,
I raise my grateful, longing eyes;
There may I find a lasting home,
From whence my feet shall never roam."

After Mr. and Mrs. B. were quietly settled in Thornton, and she had become somewhat acquainted with the people, the young women and Misses were gathered around her into a Bible class and attended to with parental care. Once in a week they assembled in her room and listened to her instructions and her prayers. Here she was in her element, and these labors were not in vain. The youth were greatly pleased with, and improved under her instruction. Several of them, it is thought, became wise unto salvation, and in due time they confessed Christ before men. Certainly it was delightful to see the bloom and beauty of the place going with joyful countenance and elastic step to a matron of four-score years to be instructed from the word of God.

"March 15th, 1831. . . As the most

tender parent pitieth and forgiveth the offending child, so, O God, hast thou, in thy boundless compassion, passed by my innumerable sins, and led me to hope in thy pardoning mercy.

"Oct. Sabbath. I have been favored today by hearing a most animating discourse from Isaiah 63rd, 4th. 'For the day of vengeance is in my heart,' &c. I was greatly delighted with the sermons of the day, and pray I may profit by them. There appeared to be an almost breathless silence through the house. O that the people might so hear and receive the truth offered for their acceptance from Sabbath to Sabbath, as to be willing to support the gospel among them!

"I feel much for my dear Bible class, and long for their consideration of the things urged upon them. I desire to be

swallowed up in God. I love my friends but would leave them all for God. I would be with the saints in God's house, but God can be my sanctuary here. I pray that my husband may be strengthened to preach with power to the perishing souls of his flock. Two individuals have been lately hopefully converted to God. O may this be as a drop or two before a copious shower! O that I might be instrumental in doing something for my dear Master's cause! Lord, give me health and strength and a willing mind. All that I am and have are thine. I would prefer employment in thy service, to any thing the sun beholds in his circuit around the globe.

"April 8, 1832. With holy gratitude I would note that two or three of my Bible class, have obtained hope in the pardoning mercy of God. O shall I

one day welcome them to their mansions above; and have occasion to praise God for being instrumental in doing them good? What shall I render unto him for mercy so great! O for heart and tongue and pen, to praise him!"

"May 5th. We are again under care, about leaving this people. Through divine goodness I am not so much troubled about it as I have been, in leaving one spot for another. Our heavenly Father knows where to put us, and I desire to be disposed of just as he sees good. I trust some have been savingly benefited, by our coming here. And now if our work is done, I am willing, yea, desirous to arise and go where we may be employed by our Lord."

"6th, Sabbath. Attended divine service

in the afternoon. Sermon excellent. 'The heaven, even the heavens are the Lord's.' Psalm 115: 16. My heart was cheered with the sentiment advanced. I longed for preparation to be admitted into the presence of the King, whose residence is in the third heavens. His presence is everywhere. During the singing of the thirty-third hymn, second book, I could hardly sustain the feelings excited, especially by the last verse.

"Yesterday visited and found it more comfortable to me than usual. Blessed be his name! I was tried, and God kept me from falling; caused circumstaces to take place better than my fears. O that I may ever put my trust in him, cleave to him as a child to a parent, and rest quietly under his government, general and particular! All his ways to me during my long pil-

grimage, have been wise, merciful, and kind; though chastisements have been mingled with all his dealings toward me. Every rose I have received has had its thorn; every flower has borne seeds of decay, and withered in my hand. Every staff I have leaned upon has broken, and most have pierced me. Every stream by which I have sat down to refresh myself has disappointed my hopes. All, all my expectations from the creature, have in almost every respect failed. Now stripped and shown my folly, I sit down, my God, to form a song of praise; to offer thee my heart; a heart stricken, smitten, and in some degree prepared, I hope, to accept of the punishment of its iniquities.

"The Asiatic cholera, which has been desolating many parts of the Eastern

continent for years, has crossed the seas, and is visiting our cities and commercial towns. How soon it will make its appearance here, I know not. Lord, prepare us for thy will respecting this and every event. Should'st thou lay us with the thousands that have peopled the regions of the dead, thy throne will be guiltless."

Extract from a letter, dated July 6, 1832.

"Dear Friends: We are now on the point of going hence. But whither I know not, nor am I anxious. We have but a little way now to go before we pass over Jordan. All my calculations about seeing you and other friends, lie over the river. I have had a pleasant ladies' Bible class, Thursday afternoons, from the time of our coming here. Six of the young women

have hope that they have experienced religion, and have joined the church. One of them was prevented coming forward communion day, by sickness. Pray for me, dear children, that, if I have but a few months longer to remain, I may be found in my Master's service."

"Hardwich, Vt., June 29, 1833. If I look backward, not a ray of light appears to cheer my heart, save what memory presents on its tablet, as coming from God alone. And how cheering to my sinking spirits, the God who was the guardian of my earliest days, the supporter of my youth, still lives; and upon his blessed arm I hang, when every human prop fails. And, although clouds and darkness encompass me round about, yet justice and judgment are the habitation of his

throne. This attestation to his praise, I cheerfully bring. And while my mind dwells on his character and his government, I find a degree of peace pervading my mind, which I can gain from no other reflection. O may it continue and increase!"

"February 9, 1834. If my heavenly Father has nothing more for me to do in this world, I pray he may prepare me for a better place in glory.

> Almighty God, regard my cry,
> And hearken to my prayer;
> That still my wants thou wilt supply,
> And make me still thy care."

"February 22. Had a little time alone; but company soon interrupted. When I attempted to speak, I had no voice. The company thought me dying; but I did not think so. My mind

was calm and solemn, and I should have chosen to be alone. Long since, I asked my heavenly Father, that when he had done using me in his service, he would in a peaceful, quiet manner unloose my fetters, gently open my prison and release my spirit."

"April 8, 1834. The Lord's goodness continuing to his unworthy servants, we were set down on the 19th of March last, in a dwelling we are allowed to call our own. O that we may dedicate it to the kind Donor!"

"April 19. After I went to my pillow, I tried to enumerate as many instances as I could, of the divine interpositions for me in seasons of imminent danger and distress. While reflecting I fell into a praying frame of mind, and quietly dropped asleep.

"From the commencement of my

married life, I have tried in every way consistent with duty, to assist my husband, so that having the high gratification to feel that I owed no one any thing but love, I have it in my power to give into the treasury of the Lord some proof of my love to him and his cause."

"April 28. Unable to worship in the sanctuary with the people of God, I beg for the divine presence here in my lonely habitation. My sufferings of body will, if not abated, soon bring me to rest with the weary. O that my immortal spirit may then be received to mansions among the blessed! Awaking this holy morning under a pressure of spirits, I tried to repeat some of the sacred songs, which I had committed to memory in early life, and soothed my mind to rest with the

following stanzas, from the pen of Mrs. Rowe:

'Begin some high celestial strain,
My ravished soul, and sing
A grateful hymn of solemn praise
To heaven's Almighty King.' &c.

"I bless God for these lines; they have afforded me unspeakable delight many times, when I needed such refreshment. The idea of dying is solemn: to change mode of existence; to drop this clog of flesh; to find my mind unfettered; to be introduced into the world of spirits; to commence a state of existence unalterable; to meet God, and enjoy his smiles, or be driven from his presence: what does all this imply? O Thou, in whose boundless grace is all my hope, give me before I go hence, such evidence that my heart has been renewed, that I may

be able to look the foe of nature full in the face, and say, I know in whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep what I have committed to his care, and raise up in glory, what is now sown in corruption. May a holy confidence in the dear Redeemer's power, and willingness to save, be my support in the hour to which I have been looking from my earliest days, when I must appear before my Judge, and meet the decisions of eternity. As I desire to be delivered from sin and made perfect in holiness, I hope through faith in the blessed Saviour, to be found among the redeemed."

"July 17. Feeling sin to be my greatest burden, and to be perfectly holy, the warmest desire of my heart, I have hope in the mercy of God; of

being received into a mansion prepared by my glorious Mediator, when I shall behold his glory to all eternity. O cheering hope! Can it be that a sinner so great, can indulge such a hope? Can it be that I, one day, and that not distant, shall be welcomed to a seat among the blessed, the ransomed children of the King?"

## CHAPTER XV.

Devotional exercises. Last sickness. Death and burial.

After all the bright visions of youth, and the more earnest aspirations of manhood have passed away; after all hopes of happiness from the world have vanished, and one has outlived his generation and nearly all his friends; after he has learned by affecting and painful experience that all terrestrial things are vanity and vexation of spirit: then, if he is calm, patient, prayerful, pleading for the richest of heaven's blessings upon a world he is soon to leave; if benignity beam in his countenance and the law of kindness is on his tongue; if submissively and in joyful hope he is waiting till

his change come; expecting salvation not on account of any goodness of his own, but solely through the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ: such a scene is delightful, it is heavenly. It is like the calm setting of a cloudless sun, when the firmament, the atmosphere, and the hill-tops are tinged with his golden beams. Some good people having served God and their generation faithfully, do in the evening of life attain to a maturity and richness of Christian character not otherwise to be found on earth. They bear the fruits of righteousness, and are adorned with celestial charms.

We have traced the footsteps of our Pilgrim through a period of more than four-score years. She has now passed the time of her more active usefulness. We shall henceforth see her retire from

cheer my heart with heavenly consolation. O for preparation to mingle my notes with myriads before the throne! Lord, how my soul longs for thy blest abode.

"February 28th, 1836. While denied the privilege of attending worship, I have many and great mercies to acknowledge. Through the cold season thus far, I have been so kindly supported that I have been able to attend to my domestic concerns without interruption, though not able to take the cold air abroad. Through abounding goodness and mercy, my inclination for reading remains unabated. Yesterday I received a letter of kindness fram my long-loved and worthy friend, Mrs. J. Greenleaf, of my native place. She requests special prayers. I desire to spread this letter before the Lord, and

as my dear friend begs prayers for many around her, I would plead for a spirit of prayer for all named in her letter.

"March 20th. I feel it to be a solemn thing to die. I have been long anticipating the moment; and had many solemn thoughts upon the subject, particularly in childhood and early youth. And now as I stand on the bank of Jordan, expecting soon to be called to pass over the dark stream, I feel it to be a great thing to die. I have no hope of future well-being, but in Christ alone: he is my all, my sole dependence.

"July 21st, 1837. To-day my sufferings have been great; but they are now lightened; and I would take up my long-neglected pen, and with the devout Psalmist say: 'The Lord liveth,

and blessed be my rock; and let the God of my salvation be extolled.' I am comforted when I might have been cast down.

"August 6th. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all the powers of my mind, praise his holy name. He has been gracious to me this holy morning, and given me a foretaste of the blessings of heaven. The morning is pleasant; a solemn silence reigns; every thing seems to proclaim it holy time. I think of dear departed friends in glory, and long to join them in their anthems of praise. I think of beloved friends on the road with me to eternity, and pray that we may meet together each one upon Mount Zion, to sing the praises of Immanuel.

"Oct. 19th. To-day I am called upon for gratitude for the abatement of a

sore throat, which affliction I felt much last night, and feared, should it increase, I might by it be laid away in my narrow home.

"On the Sabbath I had the pleasure of attending meeting, and heard an excellent discourse from these words; 'Love as brethren.' My mind was refreshed by the remarks made. I came home fatigued, but was so much gratified with the discourse, that I thought little of my sufferings. Wanted all around me to be under the influence of the blessed spirit of love—love to God and love to man."

"June 8th, 1838. It is now considerable time since I discontinued my diary. Feeble health and frequently changing my place of abode, have made regular writing inconvenient. Yet, O, to the praise of the God of my childhood, I have been

led along from place to place, with daily cause to erect my Ebenezer—'Hitherto hath the Lord helped me.' And now I am freed from the cares of the farm and settled again in our comfortable habitation, on a very pleasant street. Since we left our habitation on the banks of the Damariscotta, we have been fed, clothed, and made to rejoice in the parental care of our kind Preserver. We have needed correction, and our heavenly Father has not withholden it; yet with all the bitter ingredients of our cup some refreshing cordials have been mingled. We have been favored with the friendly attention of many while on our way to eternity, which has been very soothing to my spirits often smitten with grief.

"August. Standing on the utmost boundary of time, I cast my eyes

backwards to the period when I began my journey to eternity, and now send my thoughts forward to explore that unbounded duration. May my reflections and anticipations be such as to lay me low in humility, and in gratitude to my kind Preserver. God of infinite mercy, forgive past iniquity, and keep me for the future in a state to love, serve, and glorify Thee.

"December 30th. . . . O that there were in me a pure heart, a holy disposition, that I could unite with all the blessed on earth and in heaven, in loving, praising, and adoring God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

"February 3rd, 1839. One Sabbath, I humbly trust, nearer everlasting rest with God and holy beings. I awoke this morning with a pressure on my spirits; but obtaining mercy I am now

closing in peace the blessed day. Blessed be God, I indulge the hope of soon gaining the blessed country where all the inhabitants are employed in praising God with perfect heart.

"June 1st, 1840. Blessed be God for support in another day of trial. May it be sanctified for my good. Lord, give me a spirit of prayer, and what I most need in order to prepare me for usefulness here and glory hereafter. May I feel disposed to do all in my power for the good of the needy, and the comfort of the afflicted.

"Sabbath. . . . Lord lift up the light of thy countenance upon me, and cause me to rejoice in thy salvation. I feel that I am near to the waters of Jordan; O, for the arm of the dear Redeemer to bear me through! Sanctify my trials, forgive me wherein I have,

in the anguish of my spirit, spoken or thought amiss: and as I plead for grace to support me now, hear my cry, O my God, and bring near thy salvation. O bring me into thy blissful presence, to enjoy thy smiles for ever!

"March 1st, 1841. Lord, thine eye is continually upon me; O may thine ear be attentive to my prayer! Thou knowest my sorrow, I need not tell it to thee. May I glorify thee under all I am called to endure contrary to my natural feelings. I want to have it in my power to help a needy family. May their temporal wants lead them to feel their spiritual wants.

"December 18. Miss M. L. visited me and tarried four days, then left for Troy, New York.

Go, pilgrim, your path pursue,
Along life's dreary road;
And may your steps directed be,
By your own chosen God."

In 1842, Miss Martha H. L. Ramsay, of South Carolina, with her adopted daughter, came on to Saratoga Springs, extended her visit to Hardwick, and tarried three days with Mrs. Bayley. The interview between these kindred spirits was highly gratifying, and tended much to strengthen that Christian affection, which they had long culivated by letter. Miss Ramsay expressed her surprise to find Mrs. Bayley so erect, pleasant and sociable. They parted in love, and continued their correspondence for a time.

"October 26. My dear Miss Ramsay visited us. Blessed Friend in heaven, give us a happy meeting in thy presence when time with us is ended. We spent three days pleasantly together, foretaste, I humbly trust, of the com-

munion of saints, when time is lost in eternity.

"June 5th, 1843. This holy morning my Carolina friend has been much in mind. I bless God that he has given us the gratification of meeting. And now that we are separated, I pray that we may be prepared by his grace to meet on the other side of Jordan. Dear absent friends are thought of with tenderness and prayerful affection."

A letter is sent to Miss Elizabeth Scott, daughter of Rev. J. Scott, late pastor of a church in Minot, Maine.

"Hardwick, June, 1843. Yes, my dear Elizabeth, you shall, with divine leave, hear once more from the aged pilgrim. Your letter of the 5th instant was duly received, and read with peculiar emotions, and for a time I was almost overcome. At length, upon reflection,

my mind became tranquil, and I found delight in tracing your dear mother on to her new and lasting abode. My dear Elizabeth, I humbly trust, the Father of the fatherless, the God whom your dear parents loved and served so fervently, has been, and will be, your supporter and comforter, under the severe trial through which he is now calling you to pass.

. . . "I loved, and still love, your dear departed parents, and it is mine to suffer with you in their removal. The recent trial we have in the death of your excellent mother, depresses my spirits, as my list of beloved friends is daily diminishing, and the few now remaining are mostly at a distance. My husband is deeply engaged in pleading the cause of the colored man; and I would not call off his attention; but I

feel lonely. Pray for me, my dear, long-loved friend.

"I have a strange faculty of keeping the appearance of departed friends before me. Their looks, their smiles, their tender expressions, seem riveted to my heart, and at times I feel as though they were by my side. Your father's mild, serene countenance seemed to indicate to what country he was looking. Your dear mother I loved most tenderly. The mentioning of her name excites feelings which you, my dear, can understand. Let us look to the Friend above for support. I trust he will be with us during the residue of our journey to Canaan, and give us a blessed meeting.

"With prospects so animating, let us press forward: a few more tears, a few more lonely hours, and we shall be at Jordan's brink; and under the

conduct of our dear Redeemer, we shall be carried safely over its billows, and landed on Canaan's peaceful shore.

'O happy hour! O bless'd abode,
We shall be near and like our God;
And every pow'r find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.'

"I must now drop my pen, for my paper is full, and so is my heart. I love you, and I trust the time will never come, when you, my dear Elizabeth, will cease to be loved by your friend, the pilgrim of the desert near the land of Canaan, A. G. Bayley."

The foregoing letter was written after Mrs. Bayley had entered upon her 88th year. It is a remarkable specimen of mental power, warm affection and vivacity in one so aged.

In August of this year Mrs. Bayley was taken suddenly ill, and for eight or ten days her friends had little hope

of her recovery. But it pleased her heavenly Father to raise her up again to a state of health somewhat comfortable. She was again able to ride abroad and enjoy her friends.

"March 8th, 1844. Through the continuance of divine goodness I am still mercifully preserved under feebleness, and some of the time depression of spirits. But God is good; and blessed are all they who trust in him.

"March 26th. It is but a little now I have to pass before I come to the stream that divides this from the pleasant land. O that the Lord may be with me, when all earthly supports fail!

"August 1844. I am much concerned that I hear nothing from my long-loved Martha Ramsay. O when shall I meet my dear friends in my Father's house above, to part no more? 'Fly swifter

around, ye wheels of time, and bring the welcome day!'"

As this is the last written notice of Miss Ramsay, it is proper to say, that though living at this time, she did not long survive. She died six months after, February, 1845; about a year before her aged correspondent.

In 1845, Mrs. Bayley's health was generally comfortable; she frequently rode abroad, and enjoyed her friends, and was uniformly employed with her Bible, her pen or her work. She often said, that she had as good a relish for reading as ever. Her love of knowledge seemed inherent and abiding.

November 3, Mrs. Bayley rode nearly two miles to attend the funeral of an aged friend and neighbor. She says: "November 1st. Saturday. Widow Stevens died suddenly, died, it is hoped, to live forever in the presence of the

living Jehovah. So far as I noticed her walk, in this world of care and toil, it was agreeable to the divine Rule: thus far may I endeavor to follow her example." With one exception, this was the last time that she rode out.

Mr. Bayley, speaking of this period, says: Winter was now coming on, and I had but little expectation that she would live to see another spring; but she continued much in her usual health, was busy about something, read, conversed, and often said she wished to send out her thoughts to explore that better country to which she was bound; and expressed a willingness to depart and be with Christ. She said often, she should be willing to go at any time, if I could go with her; but she felt reluctant to leave me alone in the world to suffer. At length March came,

and nature felt the influence of the returning sun. Hope brightened, she was about the house, and cheered us by her smiles and pleasant conversation. The law of kindness was in her heart and on her lips. I thought she might remain a little longer; but she was looking to the heavenly country; and kindly said to me one day, "I have had my grave-clothes prepared, and I hope some one will be willing to put them on, and lay me in my coffin: I cannot do that for myself. I have been unwilling to leave you; but I am now willing.

'O could I climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright me from the shore.'

No," she added with emphasis, "*I would plunge in.*"

March 10th. She appeared quite un-

well; but Rev. Mr. Garnet, of Troy, calling, she arose, dressed herself, and requested that he, and gentlemen with him, might be invited into her room. Being introduced, she gave him her hand, conversed a few minutes, and then bade him God speed in his work. This was the last acquaintance she ever made on earth. It was Thursday. She lingered a few days, gradually failing. Monday, I was satisfied I must yield up my richest earthly treasure to Him who had the best right, and I hope, said from the heart, 'Thy will be done.' Tuesday, as I sat by her, and she was resting against me, she with great tenderness desired me to forgive all her faults and imperfections. This was a tender moment. Feeble and worn down, I left her room, about ten in the evening, to get some rest. Just after daylight, Wednesday, the watcher spoke

to me, and said she thought an alteration had taken place.—While I was helping to change her position, and holding her in my arms, I said to her, 'Now, my dear wife, I will accompany you to the brink of Jordan; and there, I trust, your great High Priest will meet you to conduct you safely over.' She understood my meaning, and with a look of sweet benignity bowed her assent. At family prayer she was not forgotten, nor the solemn scene upon which she was entering; and she evidently joined with us. All was still and silent around; no taking leave, no stir, nor perturbation. God was speaking, and it became us to listen in solemn silence. About ten o'clock, A. M., Rev. Mr. Underwood called and prayed with us. She was then suffering much pain, but appeared to listen. I stepped into another room; in a few minutes, I

was told she was going. Instantly I was by her, took her hand, saw her perfectly quiet, breathing like one fallen into a gentle sleep. In three or four minutes all was over. Without a struggle or a groan she fell asleep. When she came to the brink of Jordan, the waters were dried up, and she seemed to pass over at one step. She died March 18th, 1846, in her 90th year, wanting only fifty days to complete that period.

On the 20th, funeral services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Underwood, and her remains were committed to the grave. A slab of white marble marks the spot where rests her precious dust.

Dear pilgrim, farewell; thy journey is ended,
Thou hast gone to thy rest in the temple of God;
Hast seen the dear Lord, who for thee descended,
To take thee at length to his blissful abode.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Concluding observations, and general view of her character.

Mrs. Bayley's early advantages of education were very limited, being such only as were afforded in a common district school. If we add to this the consideration of feeble health in childhood, much sickness in youth, and the fact that when she enjoyed health, it was of necessity employed in earning a scanty livelihood, it appears remarkable that she obtained so great an amount of useful knowledge. But her native talents were above mediocrity: perception, reason, judgment, memory, all her intellectual faculties, acted in delightful concert. She had an innate desire for improvement, an ardent love for books,

and acquired knowledge with great facility. She was the director of her own studies.

Her social feelings were strong and tender. She cherished through life a great love for children and youth. In conversation she was very interesting. She had a great fondness for the beauties of nature. A silvery stream, majestic river, or winding rill, a lofty and spreading shade, a pleasant landscape, the quiet flocks and herds, the music of the groves, the rugged hill-top, the rolling ocean, the celestial luminaries, the flowers of earth, a brilliant morning and peaceful sunset; all these had their charms; and often when agitated with cares, or overwhelmed with affliction, soothed her mind into a state of delightful repose.

Her habits were happily formed. When

health permitted, she was through life an early riser, and very industrious. She always kept her book, her pen, or her work by her, so that no time should be lost. She was remarkable for order in her studies and labor. This was more apparent after she was placed at the head of a family. Her husband was never afraid to introduce company into a room, when she was able to do her work or to superintend it.

She was a woman of exemplary prudence. This is evident from the fact, that she seldom in the whole course of her life engaged in any enterprise of charity or piety, which did not succeed. This almost uniform success is not to be imputed to piety or prayerfulness only, but shows a good degree of practical wisdom.

She was a very affectionate wife, and happy in the conjugal relation. She

says, "From the commencement of my married life, I have tried in every way consistent with duty, to assist my husband." It is seen in the preceding pages, how tenderly she speaks of him, and earnestly she prays for the blessing of God upon his labors. Whatever trials or afflictions she had, after looking to God for help, she fled for refuge to the bosom of conjugal endearment, and always found sympathy. Her tenderness and love were abundantly reciprocated. The confidence was mutual and perfect. It has fallen to the lot of few to enjoy so perfectly, and for so long a period, the joys of wedded life.

In addition to her other employments, Mrs. Bayley spent some time daily in retirement, read much in the Scriptures, in some of the standard Christian authors, in the religious periodicals, in the Christian poets; and maintained through

life an extensive correspondence. She corresponded with most of those who had been inmates of her family. The influence which thousands of pious letters have had upon intelligent and Christian minds, cannot be known in time.

Among the poets, Watts, Milton, Young, and Cowper, were her favorites. When they sung of the beauties and wonders of nature, she was delighted; and when they celebrated the glories of redeeming love, of a dying, risen, and triumphant Saviour, her affections were raised to heavenly things. Sometimes she ventured to strike in, and sing with them. Many of their rapturous strains she committed to memory, and long after could repeat them with great accuracy. By night, on her bed, she delighted to repeat psalms, hymns, and other portions of Christian

poetry, till she fell asleep. This practice she continued till her last sickness. This is a felicitous use of poetry; and some have continued it farther, and sung praises to their Redeemer, while they were passing over Jordan.

As a teacher and guide of the young, Mrs. Bayley excelled. She readily acquired influence among her friends and acquaintances, and won the hearts of the young. They clustered around her, listened to her instructions, and submitted to her regulations, with delight. Her labors were mostly devoted to females; yet not a few young men will long remember the happy influence which she exerted over them in the most critical and important period of their lives. She had an ardent desire for the instruction, peace and happiness of all who were successively members

of her family. She considered them as her pupils, her children; and she labored and prayed for their salvation with an intensity of interest. Scores of the young were, it is believed, savingly benefited by her instructions, and will be her joy and crown of rejoicing in a better world.

As a daughter, sister, wife, relative and friend, she was, we think, a model of excellence. History, perhaps, does not afford a more delightful instance of filial love and moral heroism.

Her theological sentiments were strictly evangelical; being such as are expressed in the Assembly's Shorter Catechism, and in the standard Christian authors of New England. Her religious teachers were Edwards, Hopkins, Spring, and Emmons. On the ministry of each of these, excepting Mr. Edwards, she successively attended. Dr. Spring, of Newburyport,

was her pastor about twenty years. The theological views of these eminent divines suited her moral taste, and constituted, she believed, the leading principles of the gospel. Respecting these principles she seems never to have entertained a doubt. They were inwrought into her religious experience, and evidently through life imparted strength and steadiness to her character. Still she was not bigoted nor exclusive in her feelings; she loved those who appeared to love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and could cordially unite with them. Often in her pilgrimage she thanked God that her pious parents dedicated her to Him in infancy. She recognized her relation to him as her Father, Saviour, and Sanctifier, and pleaded her early dedication as a reason why he should be merciful, and own her as his child. If all Christians

felt the blessedness of being devoted to God in infancy as she did, they would desist from controversy about unimportant subjects, and cling to the blessed promise, pleading for divine mercy for themselves and their families.

In commemorating the Lord's death she was careful to examine herself. She approached the table with great tenderness of mind and humility, and generally found delight to her soul. If, however, at any time, she failed of having communion with the Saviour, she retired to weep and to mourn. In the long journey of life, the Sabbath was to her a type and a foretaste of heaven.

From the time of her confessing Christ before men, through life, till her sun set in peace, there was evidently a progress in holiness, an advancement in character toward the heavenly state. "She hungered and thirst-

ed after righteousness;" but never supposed that she had attained to a state of sinless perfection. Such a state she longed for, and anticipated, on the other side of Jordan. Her consciousness of imperfection was steady through life; hence she trusted in Christ as her only hope, and gave to God all the glory of her salvation.

Mrs. Bayley observed order in her religious exercises and duties, perhaps as faithfully as in secular affairs. She had stated seasons of prayer for particular objects and persons.

She delighted in retirement; her piety like that of a former century was contemplative; and yet it was eminently practical. Probably no one delighted more in feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, receiving to her home and hospitality the stranger, the orphan, and the outcast; and in ministering to the

servants of Christ. "Let mine outcasts dwell with thee," was a text she often repeated. For ability to do this, she had often and earnestly prayed; and the Lord graciously heard her prayers. In various ways she aided indigent, pious young men who were preparing for the ministry.

We close this imperfect sketch by mentioning one more trait of character. It may be called heavenly-mindedness. She had through life, strong desires for increasing knowledge of God and conformity to Him, and for everlasting union, and communion with the blessed Saviour. Next to this, she longed for the society of the heavenly world.

"Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, if it be thy blessed will, and set me free. I long to behold the habitation of the righteous, who are now beholding thy face with ineffable delight; to see the

first father of my race, redeemed from the curse of the apostacy, and secured from falling again, by the Covenant of Grace, into which he entered by faith in the dear Redeemer: I want to see Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham and his pious descendants, Joseph, Moses, Aaron, and the long catalogue of ancients, who died in faith and entered into rest; and later saints, a numerous band, including prophets, apostles, martyrs, and faithful ministers of the Gospel: pious women also, the record of whose good works have reached me, in the course of my pilgrimage, and drawn out my heart in warm affection, and strong desires to follow their bright example. These I long to see, and to be like them, clothed in white, emblem of purity, the purchase of Immanuel's love."

Oh, there are lovely lights, that rest
On Nature's varied scene below,
Where the broad sun has gained the west,
And sheds from thence his softest glow.

Oft have I marked the lingering gleam,
On village bright, and woodland brown,
As if from heaven a glorious stream
Of molten gold were rolling down.

And I have seen the dewy cloud,
Hung loosely o'er the azure sky,
Like regal robe of monarch proud
Tinged with the richest Tyrian dye.

I've watched till all these tints would fade,
The golden light—the mellow glow;
And evening, in her tranquil shade,
Had wrapt the varied scene below.

And thought as day's departing beam
Shone lovelier far than all the rest,
Its voice was as a gentle dream;
"*Man, thy last days should be thy best.*"

*Selected.*

THE END.

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